

CN CALLING

Great empires
and little minds
go ill together

Edmund Burke

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

YOUTH
AT THE
HELM

See page 4

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THE RIVER OF LIFE FOR MILLIONS

See
Middle
Pages

A TALE OF TWO CITIES How Many Eggs Will the Emu Hatch?

AN emu chick-raising contest has been going on in New Zealand. The emu in Wellington has beaten the Auckland bird by hatching three chicks out of six against his opponent's one out of fourteen.

The contest has come as a welcome interlude in the eternal competition between the two cities, for even before 1864, when the seat of government was moved from Auckland to Wellington, they have been fighting each other for supremacy in all departments of civic life. Now the emus have changed the subject for them, and even the dispute as to which town has the most suitable harbour for the new flying-boats of the Empire Air Service has been dropped for a time.

How It All Began

The emu contest began with the announcement in a Wellington newspaper that, facing a two-month vigil, the cock emu at the Wellington Zoo was sitting on a batch of six blue-green eggs contributed by his mate. It added that the emu was so eager to begin sitting, that no sooner had the mate laid the eggs than he literally kicked her off them, removing a large proportion of her feathers in the process and punishing her severely. For their own safety, it was added, she and the survivor of a previous batch of chicks were removed to an adjacent paddock.

The next day a message from the proud Aucklanders was published. The top heading over it was complimentary. "Auckland Emu Not a Wifebeater," it announced. The article proceeded to point out that the Auckland Zoo authorities were not impressed by the Wellington emu's performance. Their male bird, they said, had been sitting on 14 blue-green eggs for several weeks, nor had any unseemly behaviour similar to that which occurred in Wellington taken place when the Auckland male accepted his share of the duties.

On Peaceful Terms

The Auckland emu had not kicked his mate out of house or home or in any way damaged her plumage. He had just gone on with the job of brooding in a quiet way and had not even objected to the fact that he was expected to produce a family of 14.

The message added that there was no necessity for placing the parents in different enclosures, as was the case in Wellington. The female emu remained in the same run as the male, and even exhibited her interest in the

things to come by occasionally surveying her lord and master. In no way did she interfere with him, nor was she molested by the male bird.

In the reply to this it was pointed out that, though the Wellington emu sat on fewer eggs, it curbed its ambition and did not aim at more than it was able to accomplish.

Progress reports were published from time to time and the contest waxed keen. Finally the Auckland emu hatched out three of his eggs, but one of the chicks was a weakling and died almost immediately. Since then another of the chicks had perished and only one is left.

Little wonder that Wellington was proud when the papers announced that in spite of earthquake, rain, and hail, and of almost consistently unfavourable weather including two extremely severe storms, their emu had successfully brought three chicks into the world—three out of six as against three (subsequently reduced to one) out of fourteen.

An Exemplary Parent

The emu comes from the arid interior of Australia. Among birds of its class it is usual for the cock bird to brood over the eggs, his greater stability of character, determination, and patience making the male an exemplary parent.

The contest has produced a good deal of amusement in other towns of the Dominion, for this poem was printed in a Christchurch paper:

*An emu sits in the Auckland Zoo,
An emu sits in Wellington too;
Each has tucked between his legs
A number of large and blue-green eggs.
The anxious hens
And the citizens
Follow keenly the annual match:
How many eggs will the emus hatch?
The envious cities watch and wait,
Grimly the emus concentrate;
The Auckland bird has proudly
straddled
Fourteen eggs—but are they added?
Wellington's six
May bear the chicks.
An epic struggle, a classic match:
How many eggs will the emus hatch?
How will Wellington bear the shock,
Supposing the Auckland emu cock
Should rise one day in the emu pen
A fond and feathered father of ten?
The drums will roll,
The carillon toll
A dismal tune to a mournful catch:
How many eggs did the emus hatch?*

All Friends Here



We commend this little scene to our friends the Dictators. It may do them good to realise that in England the children play with the police

CIVILISATION HAS COME TO THIS

PEACE in our time? or War all the time? It is indeed worth while to consider the position.

Our citizens are now paying peace taxes heavier than were ever borne in war in the past.

Our work is conditioned by war. The Government is calling on trades far and wide to make war arrangements. War stocks are being built up. Industries are being shaped for war. The shadow of war strikes across the industrial map.

Shipping and port plans are being made against war. Merchant officers are being trained to conduct war operations. Ports are being prepared.

Companies of men are seeking to wall the air round our great cities against attack. In every district organisations are seeking to school the public in Air Raid Precautions.

Young men are being hastily trained to fly fighting planes, and in the training many are killed. Their deaths pass

almost unnoticed because they have become a melancholy commonplace.

The question is being asked how, when war comes, are we to evacuate the civil populations from great towns, and, when we have evacuated them, how are they to be sheltered and fed? It is only one part of a wide subject and merely to name it is to be filled with indignation. Has civilisation come to this?

If the nations devoted themselves to the study of the good to be found in their neighbours, and gave to that study only a hundredth part of the attention they are giving to defence against possible but improbable attacks, the world would soon be humming, not with the zoom of aircraft propellers, but with expressions of goodwill.

There is no outstanding question in the world (not one) that it is not possible to settle in friendly talk. We said that long before the pacts were concluded with Italy and Ireland, and we say it again while still a pact remains to be concluded with Germany.

NEWS FROM A TURNIP FIELD

Tabloids For the Crops

At Ipswich a new factory has just been opened to produce better and cheaper fertilisers for the land.

Better fertilisers mean more and better crops. Nothing is more essential for the welfare of our land in peace and its safety under the threat of war. It is best to take measures to attain it now. Lord Cranworth, when the factory was opened, said the best way was to enable the farmer to produce at less cost, and so to pay a better wage.

This is where the good scientific fertilisers play their part. Their usefulness has steadily grown since a hundred years ago (as Sir John Russell, Director of the Rothamsted experimental station, recalled to his hearers at Ipswich) a heap of superphosphate was laid on a turnip field at Rothamsted. The turnip field, to everyone's astonishment, yielded four times as much as ever before; and the era of the artificial fertiliser began.

It has had many ups and downs since then. Forty years ago Sir William Crookes said the best way to double the wheat supply of the world was to find more, better, and cheaper fertilisers. The search for them produced many fertilisers which did little good and some harm. But now, according to Sir John, each granule of the new fertiliser contained all the food necessary for the plant.

For the plant it is like the tabloid food which fancy sometimes predicts as a possibility for human beings.

A Good Fight Won

For a whole year Mr Lionel Danzig-garvyvonne has been trying to get his old age pension.

A descendant of Rumanian gipsies, his birth was not on the registers of Somerset House. He lives in a caravan in the fields near Mirfield in Yorkshire, and though he told the authorities he was 72 they did not seem able to believe him.

But he gave evidence of things which happened at Camborne in Cornwall, where he lived when he was 12, and investigations showed that he remembered truly, and his dates tallied with known events.

As proof of his age also he showed the local committee his seven gold rings, explaining that each represented ten years, and that no true Romany would dare to wear them unless he was entitled to them. The committee sent this information to Whitehall, who asked for other corroborative evidence. Then the old gipsy remembered that he was 12 when alterations were made to the village church of Camborne, Cornwall, where he lived a little while, and he also remembered the rector's name. This satisfied the authorities, and he has now got his pension.

But alas for the officials who have to spell that name aright, and squeeze it into the right line on those forms!

Flambeau's Farewell

Flambeau is dead, and there has been much sorrow in the little Savoy village of Lanslebourg and the small fort of Solières 10,000 feet up in the Alps.

Flambeau had for eight years acted as postman between the village and the fort, and he had a remarkable record. He would set out in all weathers with the little mail sacks strapped on his body, and however great the snowstorm, though all other means of communication were broken, Flambeau always got through. Nothing could divert him.

A year ago he retired and lived down in the village, but the other day he struggled up the mountain pass once more, took leave of his beloved Chasseurs at the fort, and fell dead before their barracks.

Mankind Marching to the Unknown

General Smuts has been speaking on the world situation, and we take this passage showing his view of the present and the future.

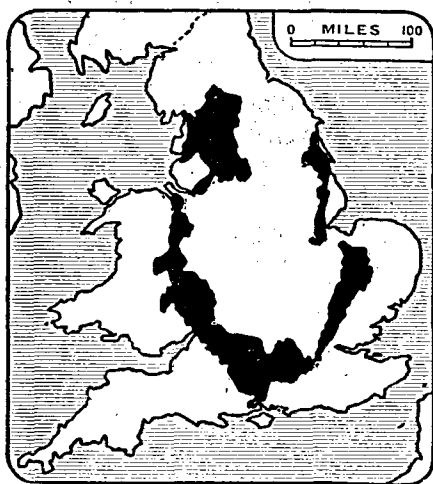
Lost opportunities have been largely responsible for the worsening of European conditions in recent years. The mistake should not be repeated.

To thoughtful people the present situation appears to be the fundamental conflict between Democracy and Dictatorship—the affirmation on the one hand and the denial on the other of the rule of law and of human rights to self-government.

But why should we of this much-trying generation be called upon to settle this ideological issue and jeopardise millions of lives, perhaps civilisation, in another great war?

Surely democracy and dictatorship, as rival systems of government, are long-range questions which time alone can settle. However strong is our attachment to the principles of democracy, we must admit that it is not perfect and

What Czecho-Slovakia Has Lost



The black areas show the portions ceded to Germany set to scale on the map of England.

not standing up very well to the severe tests of the modern age. Democracy may even learn valuable lessons in efficiency from its opponents.

Dictatorship throughout history has proved to be a passing phase. The world is passing through times of far-reaching change, more far-reaching even than the times of the French Revolution and of the Napoleon wars. Mankind is truly on the march. There is nothing to stop it. We are moving rapidly to a new unknown order of things.

All that wise statesmanship can do in such an extraordinary and incalculable situation is to see that the change-over from the old to the new is carried out without the outbreak of another general war. If there is madness in the world give it time to wear off, but do not let it drag the world into a destructive war.

I would rebuild the League of Nations into a more effective instrument of conference, security, and peaceful change. We have failed in the first attempt to build the House of Peace. The cause of world peace cannot be abandoned. If we succeed in establishing a new world order how great a success would it not be.

Bruin in the News

The pupils of a Carlisle school were having lunch not long ago when a big black Himalayan bear walked in. He prowled about soft-footed, and when recaptured there had been no panic.

Another shock was registered at Southampton, when a stevedore opened the door of a lorry from London. A bear stared him in the face, and was only saved from jumping on to the dockside by a smart bang of the door. Bruin, who was being despatched to Bangkok, had escaped from his cage.

THE CAPTAIN LOOKS AT HIS MEDAL

St Christopher and the Queen Mary

St Christopher and the Queen Mary have beaten the strikers in New York Harbour.

The great ship arrived at New York last week to find a strike among the tugboat workers, so that the tugboats which usually push and haul a great liner into position were not available. All appeals to save the good name of New York from the stain of leaving the great ship helpless had been in vain, and Captain Robert Irving then called up the full resources of his mental and moral equipment and made a great resolve. He would perform a feat always thought to be impossible: he would dock the Queen Mary without the help of the tugs.

He looked at his St Christopher medal and asked if he could do it, and the answer to the prayer to the patron saint of travellers came back clear and true. "He told me to go to it," said the captain afterwards, and he went ahead and took the ship in like a ferry boat.

He had on board the 83,000-ton liner 1602 passengers and £5,000,000 worth of gold; but he ran the risk, saved the Cunard-White Star Company £120, and set all the strikers talking. It is said that ancient mariners looking on watched the great feat with bated breath; but all was well, the water was smooth, the wind was kind, and the great vessel glided into port to the delight of all except the strikers, and especially, we may be sure, to the delight of St Christopher.

Three Miracles

Miss Joyce Peart of Newcastle had her beautiful looks spoiled some months ago in a motor smash. The judge, who gave her damages, advised her to see a plastic surgeon, and as a result of his skill she has been able to go to her wedding without a blemish on her face.

Arthur Shirley, a Yorkshire footballer, fractured his spine in a game. Never again would he walk, he was told; but he is now in training with his old team at Batley.

Herbert Shirley, also a footballer, broke his neck in a match not long ago. Lying in Leeds Hospital with the neck in plaster, he remained there with gloomy prospects, but so well has he responded to treatment that he was able to go home after two or three weeks, and it is hoped his cure will be complete.

The Pigeon and the Plane

The carrier pigeon has long been of the greatest value to an army, and it has lately been serving as a link between our land and air forces.

This story of an incident on the North-West Frontier has just been told. Finding itself hard pressed, a detachment sent a carrier pigeon to its base with a note asking for aid. The pigeon arrived at its loft in a quarter of an hour, and half an hour later an aeroplane arrived over the beleaguered force and dropped ammunition and medical supplies, as well as joining in the conflict. Other aeroplanes soon followed.

The pigeon was thus the means of saving valuable lives.

Everything Comes in Time

Over 30 years ago (in 1907) 1500 steel-workers of Sheffield demanded higher wages on the ground that their work needed unusual skill.

The claim has just been conceded. The dispute has been going on all the time, although no strike has ever occurred because of it.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

A number of banana trees planted in Jutland some time ago, imported from Jamaica, have grown to a height of 24 feet and have yielded their first harvest.

A clever Jewish banker brought his gold out of Italy not long ago by moulding it into mudguards for his car and painting over the metal so perfectly that the frontier police were easily hoodwinked.

Green blackboards are used at a new East Sussex County Council school to eliminate eye-strain.

The daughter of William Morris passed away last week at Kelmscott Manor, Lechlade, the lovely old house made famous by her father, who printed his books here.

There are now about 340 men at work on the new Waterloo Bridge.

The destructive work of the wild deer in Savernake Forest is to be checked; 4000 acres have been let by Lord Ailesbury to the Forestry Commission, and the deer will be herded back into the park or destroyed.

On the recommendation of the National Fitness Council grants totalling £150,000 have been allocated to 113 playing-field schemes from money provided by the Board of Education.

THINGS SEEN

A dish of raspberries picked in a garden at Somerton this month.

A hedgehog killing a hen on a Yorkshire farm.

Traffic held up for an hour in Manchester by fire from a cigarette thrown into a litter box.

A ragged tramp kicking orange peel from the pavement in Renfrew.

THINGS SAID

I hope it will be possible for London to become a smokeless city in the very near future.

Mr Herbert Morrison, M.P.

There are not enough vehicles in the country to meet the needs of war.

Speaker at a Transport Conference

A good motorist may be in a hurry but never in a flurry.

A "courtesy cop" at the Motor Show

No ill can come of conference for those willing to confer.

Eden Phillpotts

Don't drink, don't smoke, don't eat too much, and take regular exercise every day.

Bishop of London

You can prevent war breaking out now or in the future.

Peace manifesto to Youth

No man in New Zealand receives less than £3 16s 6d a week in wages.

New Zealand High Commissioner

Trams are still our most reliable and most economical transport.

General Manager of Glasgow trams

In 1894, near the summit of Mount Pilatus, I saw a complete circle of a rainbow, and within it my own shadow.

Revd I. P. Malleon

We will have no truck with the exploitation of the reading public by these pools.

Representative of retail newsagents

THE BROADCASTER

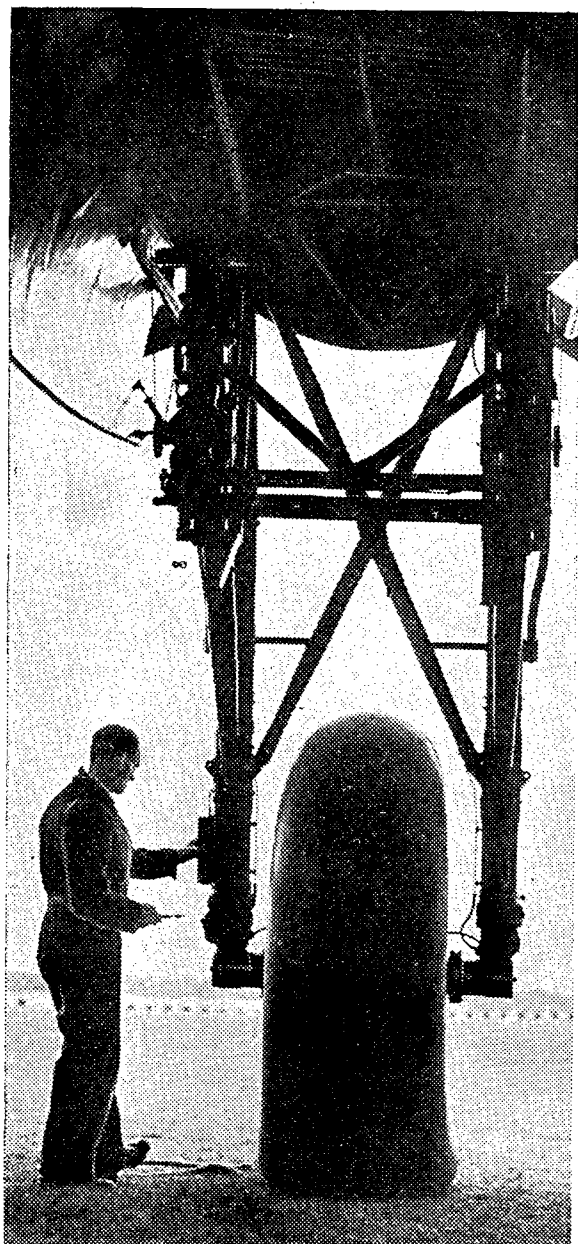
A LONDON secretary has received a legacy of £3 a week for her "unfailing pluck and endurance in the face of trials and adversities."

AN unknown friend has sent £5000 to the children's ward of West Hertfordshire Hospital.

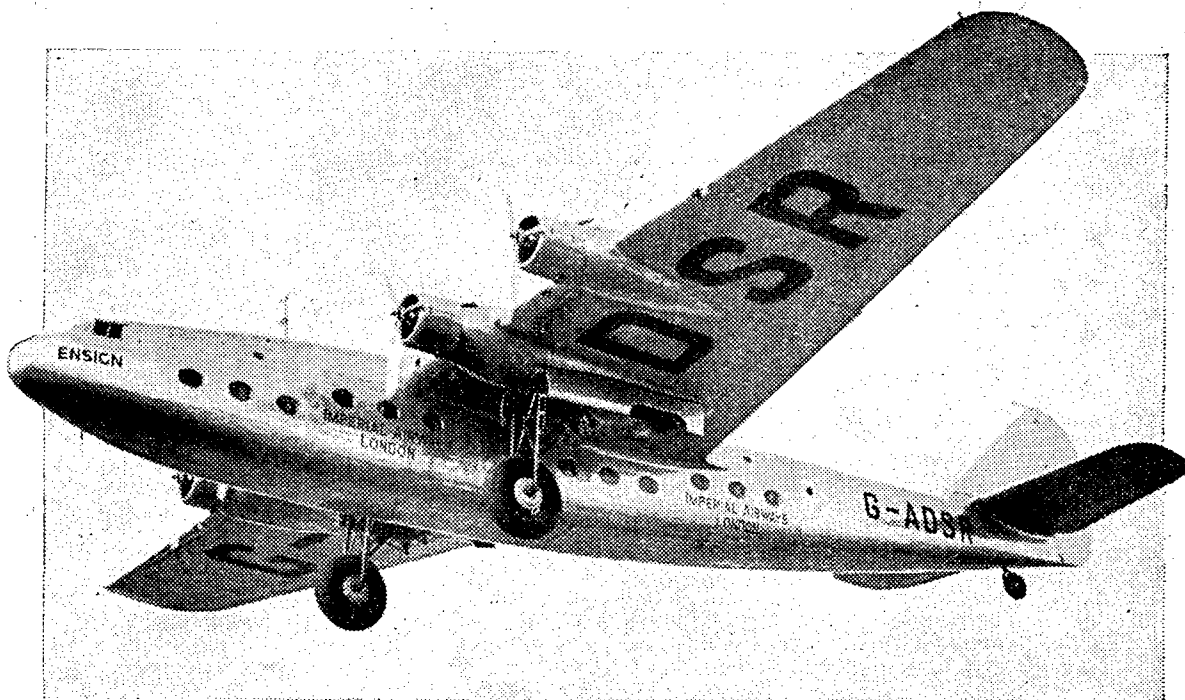
LORD WAKEFIELD has given 7000 guineas for a children's ward at the Royal Masonic Hospital.

THERE are now nine million wireless licences.

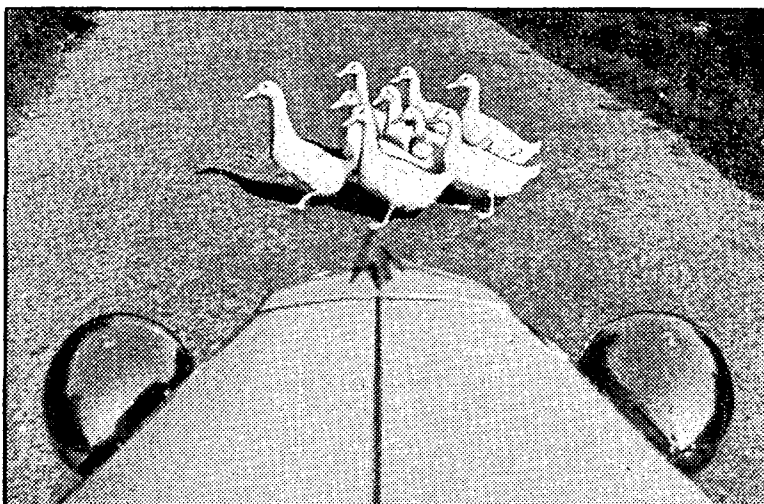
New Air-Liner • Signs • Olympic Skyscraper



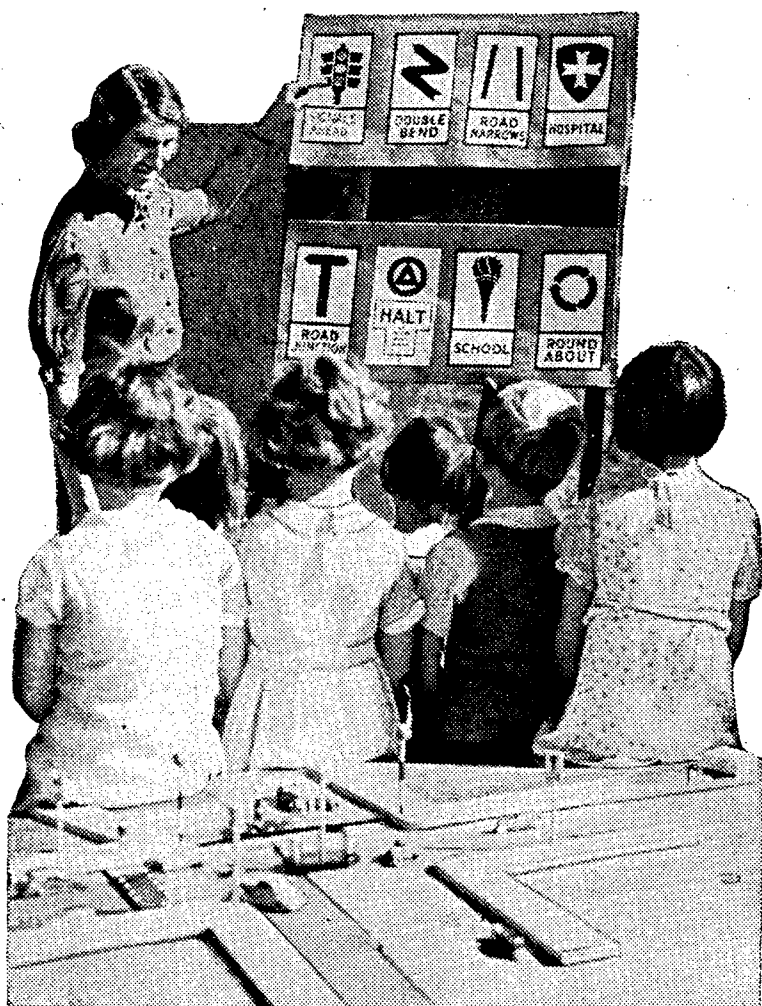
A Giant Wheel—One of the huge retractable wheels of the new Imperial Airways liner



Flying Hotel—The new Ensign air-liner of Imperial Airways, first of a fleet of 14, weighs 20 tons and has a speed of 200 m.p.h. It carries 40 passengers and a crew of five



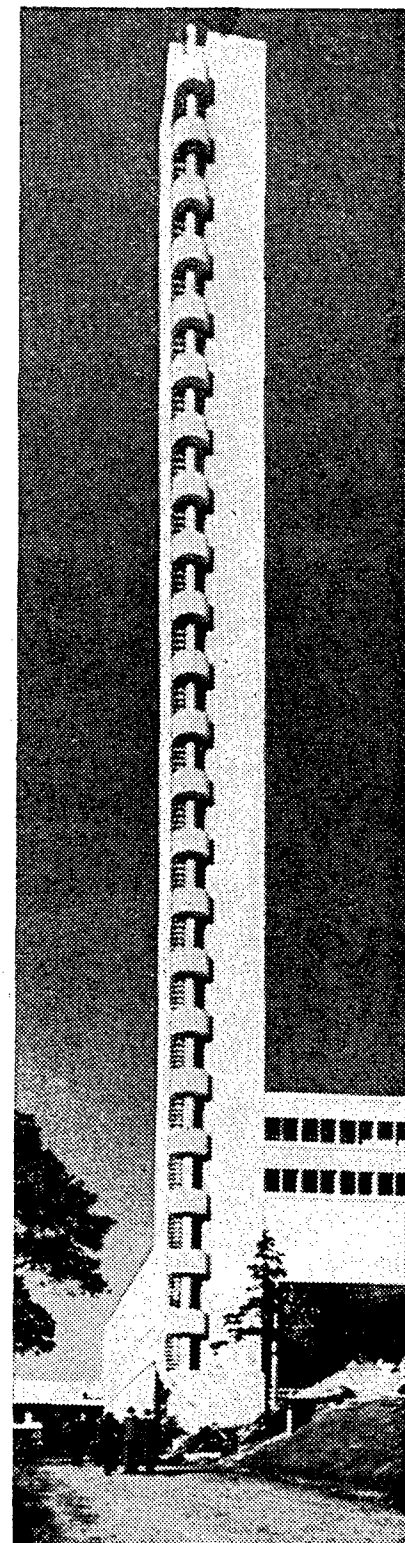
Pedestrians Ahead—Nine reasons why a motorist stopped in a lane near Guildford



Signs of the Times—A lesson on road signs for the children of a Wembley school. Behind them is a model cross-road



London 12,847 Miles—A new signpost at the Empire flying-boat base at Sydney, Australia



Skyscraper—The tower of the Helsingfors stadium for the 1940 Olympic Games

THE DRAMATIC CHANCE OF THE FREE PEOPLES to Marshal Their Forces and Lead the World to Peace

The Peace of the World is saved for a time; let us pray that it may be for all time. But more than ever it is needful that we must be strong against attack, and that all nations loving freedom must stand side by

side. We give below one of the calmest and sanest and most dignified statements of the situation that have been made—the Broadcast of Mr Winston Churchill last week to the American people.

THE stations are closing down; the lights are going out; but there is still time for those to whom freedom and parliamentary government mean something to consult together. Let me then speak in truth and earnestness while time remains.

The American people have, it seems to me, formed a true judgment upon the disaster which has befallen Europe. They realise the far-reaching consequences of the abandonment and ruin of the Czecho-Slovak Republic. We must recognise that the parliamentary democracies and liberal, peaceful forces have everywhere sustained a defeat which leaves them weaker, morally and physically, to cope with dangers which have vastly grown.

A Blessing or a Curse?

But the cause of freedom has in it a recuperative power and virtue which can draw from misfortune new hope and new strength. If ever there was a time when men and women who cherish the ideals of the founders of the British and American Constitutions should take earnest counsel with one another, it is now.

All the world wishes for peace and security. Have we gained it by the sacrifice of the Czecho-Slovak Republic? Here was the model democratic State of Central Europe, a country where minorities were treated better than anywhere else. It has been deserted, destroyed, and devoured. It is now being digested.

The question which is of interest to a lot of ordinary people, common people, is whether this destruction of the Czecho-Slovak Republic will bring a blessing or a curse upon the world. We must all hope it will bring a blessing; that after we have averted our gaze for a while from the process of subjugation and liquidation everyone will breathe more freely; we shall be able to say to ourselves, "Well, that's out of the way, anyhow. Now let's get on with our regular daily life."

But are these hopes well founded, or are we merely making the best of what we had not the force and virtue to stop? Can peace, goodwill, and confidence be built upon submission to wrongdoing backed by force? Has any benefit or progress ever been achieved by the human race by submission to organised and calculated violence?

Our Way of Life

Since the dawn of the Christian Era a certain way of life has slowly been shaping itself among the Western peoples, and certain standards of conduct and government have come to be esteemed. After many miseries and prolonged confusion there arose into the broad light of day the conception of the right of the individual; his right to be consulted in the government of his country; his right to invoke the law even against the State itself. Now in this resides all that makes existence precious to man and all that confers honour and health upon the State.

We are confronted with another theme. It is not a new theme; it leaps out upon us from the Dark Ages—racial persecution, religious intolerance, deprivation of free speech, the conception of the citizen as a mere soulless fraction of the State. To this has been added the cult of war; children are to be taught in their earliest schooling the delights and profits of conquest and aggression. A whole mighty community has been drawn painfully, by severe privations, into a warlike frame. They are held in this condition, which they relish no more than we, by a party organisation several millions strong, who

derive all kinds of profits, good and bad, from the upkeep of the regime.

Like the Communists, the Nazis tolerate no opinion but their own; like the Communists, they feed on hatred; like the Communists, they must seek, from time to time, and always at shorter intervals, a new target, a new prize, a new victim.

The dictator, in all his pride, is held in the grip of his party machine. He can go forward; he cannot go back. He must blood his hounds and show them sport, or else, like Actaeon of old, be devoured by them. All-strong without, he is all-weak within.

No one must, however, underrate the power and efficiency of a totalitarian State. Where the whole population of a great country, amiable, good-hearted, peace-loving people, are gripped by the neck and by the hair by a Communist or a Nazi tyranny (for they are the same things spelt in different ways) the rulers for the time being can exercise a power for the purposes of war and external domination before which the ordinary free parliamentary societies are at a grievous practical disadvantage.

We have to recognise this. But then on top of all comes this wonderful mastery of the air which our century has discovered, but of which, alas, mankind has so far shown itself unworthy.

The culminating question to which I have been leading is whether the world as we have known it, the great and hopeful world of before the war, the world of increasing hope and enjoyment for the common man, should meet this menace by submission or by resistance?

Let us see whether the means of resistance remain to us. We have sustained an immense disaster. The renown of France is dimmed. In spite of her brave, efficient army, her influence

is profoundly diminished. No one has a right to say that Britain, for all her blundering, has broken her word; indeed, when it was too late, she was better than her word. Nevertheless, Europe lies at this moment abashed and distracted before the triumphant assertions of dictatorial power.

It is not only in Europe that these oppressions prevail. China is being torn to pieces by a military clique in Japan; the poor, tormented Chinese people there are making a brave and stubborn defence. The ancient Empire of Ethiopia has been overrun. The Ethiopians were taught to look to the sanctity of public law, to the tribunal of many nations gathered in majestic union. But all failed; they were deceived, and now they are winning back their right to live by beginning again from the bottom a struggle on primordial lines. Even in South America the Nazi intrigue, diving under the Monroe doctrine, begins to undermine the fabric of Brazilian society.

We are left in no doubt where American conviction and sympathies lie; but will she wait until British freedom and independence have succumbed, and then take up the cause, when it is three-quarters ruined?

After all, survey the remaining forces of civilisation; they are overwhelming. If only they were united in a common conception of right and duty, there would be no war. On the contrary, the German people (industrious, faithful, valiant, but, alas, lacking in the spirit of proper civic independence) liberated from their present nightmare, would take their honoured place in the vanguard of human society.

Alexander remarked that the people of Asia were slaves because they had not learned to pronounce the word No.

YOUTH AT THE HELM Plans For Great Peace Campaign

VISITORS to Germany are often impressed by the youthful enthusiasm for Nazi ideas, forgetting, of course, that the less enthusiastic are safely put away in concentration camps.

British youth, roused by the days of peril through which we have passed, have determined to make it clear that they too are enthusiastic, for the ideals of democracy and the ideas of peace and freedom.

The Second Emergency Youth Peace Conference, convened at Friends House on October 15, united 500 delegates from young people's organisations all over the country in an expression of determination to defend the principles for which we stand. The question before them is how this can best be done.

Hundreds of suggestions were brought forward in the course of six hours of solid work. Captain Liddell Hart in his opening speech, begged his audience to consider peace not as an end in itself but as a necessary means to the true ends of life, the development of freedom, individuality, and a nobler life.

Foreseeing pressure from Germany for the return of her lost colonies, many speakers argued in favour of a just basis for the settlement of this question.

M. Jean Dupuy brought greetings from the Youth Organisations of France. "Opposed to us are countries that draw on the regimented forces of youth," he said; "our business is to bring forward the better ideals of free youth, the ideals

of justice and peace." He urged young people to assume more responsibility and to look for leadership among their own numbers.

Six years ago M. Dupuy stood before the statesmen and politicians of the world assembled at the Disarmament Conference in Geneva, pleading in the name of two million students that they "put away their disastrous and deadly toys before this world goes up in smoke as a result of their madness."

Nevertheless, this fighter for the cause of peace is not discouraged. Men have failed us, he says, Governments have failed us, but our ideals have not failed.

More will be heard of this Emergency Youth Peace Campaign. The delegates have returned to their homes, schools, and universities determined to work systematically to rally an effective body of public opinion from John o' Groats to Land's End. They wish to outline their policy in the broadest terms possible, and to base it on hope, not fear.

This task of rallying opinion behind their movement will occupy three months, and in the last week in January they plan to make a pilgrimage to London, in which thousands will take part.

The C.N. representative at the Conference gained the clear impression that the young people of today believe the grown-ups could have bequeathed them a cleaner, better, less hate-ridden world had they set about their tasks in a bigger and more disinterested way.

Let that not be the epitaph of the English-speaking peoples or of parliamentary democracy.

There, in one single word, is the resolve which the forces of freedom and progress, of tolerance and goodwill, should take. It is not in the power of one nation, still less is it in the power of a small group of men, violent, ruthless men, who have always to cast their eyes back over their shoulders, to cramp and fetter the forward march of human destiny. The preponderant world forces are upon our side; they have but to be united to be obeyed.

Words and Thoughts

We must arm. If, through an earnest desire for peace, we have placed ourselves at a disadvantage, we must make up for it by redoubled exertions, and, if necessary, by fortitude in suffering. The British people will stand erect and will face whatever may be coming.

But arms are not sufficient by themselves. We must add to them the power of ideas. It is this very conflict of spiritual and moral ideas which gives the free countries their strength.

You see these dictators on their pedestals, surrounded by the bayonets of their soldiers and the truncheons of their police. On all sides they are guarded by masses of armed men, cannons, planes, fortifications, and the like—they boast and vaunt themselves before the world, yet in their hearts there is unspoken fear.

They are afraid of words and thoughts; words spoken abroad, thoughts stirring at home (all the more powerful because forbidden) terrify them. A little mouse of thought appears in the room, and even the mightiest potentates are thrown into panic.

They make frantic efforts to bar out thoughts and words; they are afraid of the workings of the human mind. Cannons, planes they can manufacture in large quantities, but how are they to quell the natural promptings of human nature, which after all these centuries of trial and progress has inherited a whole armoury of potent and indestructible knowledge?

Terror Cannot Endure

Dictatorship, the fetish worship of one man, is a passing phase. A state of society where men may not speak their minds, where children denounce their parents to the police, where a business man or small shopkeeper ruins his competitor by telling tales about his private opinions; such a state of society cannot long endure if brought in contact with the healthy outside world.

The light of civilised progress, with its tolerances and cooperation, with its dignities and joys, has often in the past been blotted out; but I hold the belief that we have now at last got far enough ahead of barbarism to control it and to avert it, if only we realise what is afoot and make up our minds in time. We shall do it, but how much harder our toil the longer the delay!

Is this a call to war? I declare it to be the sole guarantee of peace. The swift and resolute gathering of forces to confront not only military but moral aggression; the resolute and sober acceptance of their duty by the English-speaking peoples and by all the nations, great and small, who wish to walk with them—their faithful and zealous comradeship would almost between night and morning clear the path of progress and banish from all our lives the fear which already darkens the sunlight to hundreds of millions of men.

THE EARTH SPEEDS UP

We live in an age of speed, and it seems that even the great ball on which we live is to speed up its rate of spinning on its own axis.

The Smithsonian Institute in America has kept careful records of the rate at which our planet rotates, and it has been found that the speed increased in 1790, 1897, and 1917. Now the scientists tell us that another speeding-up is due almost any time.

But the increasing spin of the earth will not be startling, for it will shorten the length of our year by no more than one second.

SWEDEN'S CELLULOSE

Sweden is bidding fair to become the world's biggest producer of cellulose. It is from this raw material that artificial silk is manufactured, and Sweden, which now produces about 250,000 tons a year, is beaten only by the United States. A new mill opened at Svartvik in the north has a capacity of 40,000 tons a year.

THE FLOODS ARE CARRYING THE SOIL AWAY

Millions of tons of New Zealand's fertile soil are being carried to sea every year by flooded rivers.

Last April, when there were disastrous floods in the Hawke's Bay Province, the sea was discoloured for several miles out from the river mouths. This meant that probably thousands of tons of soil were lost to New Zealand in a week.

The thin coating of fertile black soil carries the whole of New Zealand's prosperity, and the New Zealand Government, realising how serious is the problem, has set up a committee to report on protective measures.

Settlement has destroyed the forest, and now the floods from the mountains are taking the soil.

A PUZZLE

By George Lansbury, M.P.

Having secured at least a breathing space, large sections of most political parties and practically the whole of the Press unite in demanding that this period of escape from war should be used to build up more gigantic armaments than ever to make ourselves better prepared for war. The extraordinary illogicality of it puzzles me.

WHO IS TO CONTROL ENGLISH?

The Sussex journalists have been discussing the preservation of English, and we have been delighted to see a speech by Mr G. Aitchison protesting against the influence of America.

Those of you who are gardeners, he said, know that once American blight gets hold of an apple tree you have to take drastic measures. Similarly, once the Hollywood blight gets hold of the English language, as it is getting hold today, we have to do something we should not dream of doing otherwise. We are the custodians of the English language and the people who are going to determine the character of the language in the future. If we do not it will be the Yiddish-speaking Poles and Russians in Hollywood. *Are we going to lead the English language or are they?*

MISSING FROM HIS HOME

The authorities of the Whitby Museum are anxious to find a man.

They have not yet sent an appeal to the B.B.C. beginning, "Missing from his home," but they would be grateful to anyone who can give them news of a lead man supposed to have stood by the road near the abbey long ago. At one time it was believed that there had never really been a lead man there, but he is mentioned on a map of Whitby dated 1778, and now someone has come upon a china mug with a model of him.

When the lead man of Whitby was made, and who he was supposed to be, are puzzles Yorkshire antiquarians are trying to solve.

Beacons on the Measured Mile

THE neon light has been adopted by the authorities who maintain the Measured Mile.

This mile is the nautical mile of 6080 feet and is the standard used to test the speed of new ships, being marked by four 100-foot masts set up forty-four years ago in pairs on the coast of Northumberland.

The two inland masts are 2000 feet behind those nearest the ships, so that it is easy to tell when two masts and the ship are exactly in line both at the beginning and end of the official test. The only disadvantage was that in misty weather the ship, steaming in

deep water three miles out, had much difficulty in sighting the inland masts.

A double row of 20-foot-long neon tubing has now been fitted to each mast, giving forth an intense red glow whenever required. The installation cost £900, owing to the fact that the supply cables had to be laid a long distance from the mains and had to be proof against storms, which beat with severity on this exposed coast. A range of five miles was contracted for, but in the recent trials the light on the more distant masts was visible from over six miles out at sea, or twice as far away as the course on which the trials take place.

THE WIRELESS SCHOOL

Broadcast lessons are very popular in the United States, and a wireless station has been built which sends out programmes for schools only.

The station is at Cleveland, and is run by the local authority with money from one of the Rockefeller endowments. So far lessons are received by 60 schools with 12,000 pupils, but soon 150 schools with 138,000 listeners will take History, Art, Music, and other subjects by means of wireless.

FLYING FISH

The Washington State Game Department has been teaching fish to fly.

A number of fish were taken among the clouds by aeroplane, each fish in its own can of water attached to a miniature parachute, and then the cans were dropped overboard. Down they went toward Lake Washington 2000 feet below, the parachutes steadying them so that they alighted gently, overturning and allowing the fish to swim away.

All this was part of an experiment to see if it is possible to stock lakes from the air. Otter Lake, for example, is almost inaccessible by land, but it could probably be stocked with fish by the help of an aeroplane.

NOAH'S ARK TRAIN

A Noah's Ark train has travelled from Wilton, near Salisbury, to Fordington, near Dorchester, and among the passengers were 50 head of cattle and 146 sheep. The train which moved the farm stock left soon after milking time in the morning and arrived at Fordington in the afternoon.

CHEAP REFRIGERATORS

Sir Joseph Barcroft, chairman of the Food Investigation Board, endorses the plea we made some time ago for low-priced refrigerators. Here is a domestic appliance which every household should possess, but 19 out of 20 households cannot afford it.

Food so soon deteriorates at ordinary temperatures that it is of the greatest consequence to the public health that every home should be provided with the means to preserve its supplies. A good food cooler can be made on the evaporation of water principle, and there is no reason why it should not be sold for a few pounds. A refrigerator costs more, but it need not be dear.

THE ISLAND OF CATS

The news comes from Port Louis, Mauritius, that Frigate Island, 300 miles from Mauritius and in the Cargados Group, is infested with hundreds of fierce cats.

These animals are supposed to be the descendants of a pair of domestic cats shipwrecked on the islands nearly a century ago.

The cats are expert fishers; they form a semicircle in the shallows of the lagoon and drive the fish on to the sand.

When storms rage the cats practically starve, and prey on each other. At other times hundreds are lost when a tidal wave washes high up the shores. Yet in spite of all they are increasing.

A PEARL

We read in the Papuan Courier that a native diver at Broome, Western Australia, has brought up a very fine pearl. It has been brought to London, and is said to be worth £10,000.

HOT WATER READY

Imagine turning over a spadeful of earth and finding a new hot spring!

That is what lately happened at Awakeri, on the outskirts of New Zealand's famous hot springs district, which extends over thousands of square miles in the vicinity of the town of Rotorua.

Excavating work was in progress to discover an additional supply of boiling water in the Awakeri hot springs reserve when a workman's spade broke the crust over a strata of pumice and struck a boiling spring. The water gushed out with a roar, enough to fill a 15-inch pipe.

JUBILEE OF CECIL RHODES'S LAND

It is nearly 50 years ago since Cecil Rhodes put Rhodesia on the map, and plans are being made to celebrate the Jubilee in September 1940.

It has been decided to floodlight the 357-foot drop of Victoria Falls; but the most striking ideas for the Jubilee are the reunion of the pioneers of 1890 and the meeting by Rhodes's grave in the Matoppos Hills of Rhodes Scholars from all over the world.

THE CHIMP'S NEW CAGE

At the Chester Zoo a new cage has been built next to the old one, which was felt to be too cramped.

The question was how to break down the wall between the two cages so that the chimpanzees might go into their new apartment, and the problem was solved by getting the animals to do the job themselves.

A workman in the new cage worked a brick loose while the occupants of the other cage looked on with intelligent anticipation. Then he threw down the brick and his tools into the old cage, and retired from the scene.

The chimpanzees at once set to work to get out, and threw down as many bricks as necessary to allow them to enter the new premises. Their joy was intense until they discovered that they were still prisoners—though in a bigger and a better prison!

SOMETHING FOR IDLE HANDS TO DO

For a long time many people have been distressed to read of the floods which did so much damage to houses in Lancashire round Bootle and Litherland.

So bad had this frequent flooding become that it was quite common to hear people talking about the Merseyside Lake District. Now all this is to be stopped. The local authorities are to spend £400,000 on a drainage scheme which will banish the flooding, and in doing so will find immediate work for 500 men who would otherwise be out of work.

So two bad things are to be killed with one stone—one more example of the idea the C.N. has been never tired of preaching, that it is as easy to pay men for doing something as to pay them for doing nothing.

THE STEEL BAROMETER

Steel output is a barometer of British trade, and we are glad to report a recovery in September from the falling figures of previous months. At the end of September there were 28 more furnaces at work than in August.

BIG SMALL SAVINGS

The small savings of our people now amount to about £140 for every family in the land.

Lord Mottistone points out that the extension of holidays with pay has given the savings movement a new opportunity. Eighteen months ago the number of wage-earners receiving holidays with pay under voluntary agreements was about 1,500,000, now it has risen to about 4,000,000.

The National Savings Committee is anxious to help employers to establish holiday savings clubs to enable workers to make good use of their holiday.

Farewell to Their Homeland



These little people are among the 1600 Basque children who are still our guests in England. Many of the refugees from war-stricken Spain have returned to their native land, but for various reasons it is unsafe for the 1600 to go, and they are likely to remain here through the winter. It costs ten shillings a week to keep a child in one of the homes of the Basque Children's Committee, who would welcome donations or gifts of children's clothing. The address of the Committee is 4 Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 29 1938

Why Not Do This?

THE story told of a poor London boy who, when he learned there was to be no war, deplored the loss of his evacuation holiday deserves to be well remembered. What the little fellow said to his teacher was, *You mean to say that bloke Hitler has let us down?*

From one point of view this is a comical story; from another it is anything but a joke. The boy deplored the loss of what was to him a holiday. The thinking mind deplores the fact that a London boy should not get a good holiday in the country without the threat of war.

Why not jolly peace evacuations every year, as a matter of course? To the mind that can only be moved by threat of war it would appeal as good practice. To the mind that regards peace as its chief business it is a means to health and happiness.

An annual "evacuation" of the children of our great towns would add greatly to the peace power (and therefore to the war power) of the nation. It would teach the children, in the course of ten years, the loveliness of England. Surely this is an education which is as essential to the mind as to the body!

What we propose is no dream, no idle flight of imagination. In more European countries than one the children enjoy such annual holidays. They return home with a greater love and understanding of their native lands, and energised by contact with the beauties of Nature. These beauties are without price, and yet denied to millions of those whose lot it is to live close to the work done in cities.

A Trade Record

WHILE many trade reports are not very satisfactory, it is significant to note some figures of the racing season just ending.

The betting machine in one week took £548,381 from the racegoers. Many a household had to go short of necessities when father put his money on the wrong horse. We may also be quite sure that not a few would in this week take the first step in crime when they lost hard-earned money. A new Goldsmith might well write:

*Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where betting forms the chief news of the day.*

Many people, it may be, see no great harm in two friends making a small wager on any subject; but all good people see harm in a professional betting system, advertised by countless publications, for the betrayal of true sport.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



Gambling For All

HOUSEHOLDERS are being pestered with circulars from football pool promoters.

It is evident that the local lists of voters are being used to obtain addresses, and the work of distribution is being done by the Post Office. It is not well that the Post Office should lend itself to such things, and we think the P M G would be wise to ask Parliament for power to refuse to transmit such papers.

The Authors of the Crisis

IN his new book, *Guns or Butter*, Mr Bruce Lockhart has this to say about Dr Benes and the origin of the crisis in Czecho-Slovakia:

Curiously enough, it was Dr Benes himself who told me that at the Peace Conference both he and President Masaryk wished to leave at least a part of this district (the German Bohemian Sudetenland) to Germany. The Allied Powers, however, had insisted on including it in the new Republic, and from that day the Czechs had been faced with trouble.

Dr Benes himself, like all of us, must look back with bitter regret on the bad building at Versailles in 1919.

Pull Together

By Sir William Bragg

WHAT can we do to bring permanent peace and set ourselves free for the kindlier affairs of the world?

Our aim must be to build a national structure in which every part is of use. Every member of the community must feel that he is cared for, and is wanted.

Now is the time to pull ourselves together. We see the efficiency of the authoritarian States and realise once again the power of discipline in a common purpose. Our service must be voluntary, not forced; yet it must be as full and as ready as if it had been ordered by a dictator.

Joke or Tragedy?

THE British Government recently approved the lending to Turkey of money with which to buy arms. Now the German Government is said to be doing the same thing.

There is a grim humour about these arrangements. Turkey will have both German guns and British guns. Against whom are they to be used?

Would it not be well (to add to the world's gaiety) for each lending nation to stipulate that the guns it supplies should not be used against the lenders?

Thus the British guns might be marked *Not to be used against Britain*, and the German guns might have an inscription *Not to be fired at Germans*.

We wish we could think the subject merely funny; in fact, it belongs to the order of bad jokes.

No nation can possibly know how its guns will be used when it sells them to other nations.

Making Money Out of Trouble

MUCH indignation has been aroused by the stories of profiteering in connection with the recent crisis.

The Home Office issued an urgent order to local authorities to complete air raid shelters and guards, and it became necessary to buy material instantly. Sacks, sand, timber were at once in demand, and in many localities prices were promptly raised. Common sacks worth 2d were run up to 10d.

Such charges must be disallowed, and it would surely be well to put through Parliament a measure giving the Board of Trade power to control prices of essential materials the moment a state of emergency arises.

JUST AN IDEA

How much we are reminded in these days of John Galsworthy's profound words that with her promise to pay England can still buy anything except a quiet heart.

Under the Editor's Table

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If glove-makers have their business well in hand

A STATEMENT is made that a tablet as nourishing as a meal has been invented. It is hard to swallow.

THE Lambeth Walk is still popular. It is having a good run.

A WRITER says he has a great respect for window-box gardens. Looks up to them.

EXPENSIVE cars have many comforts. One comfort is you needn't buy them.

THERE are said to be valuable mineral deposits in the Antarctic. Somebody will freeze on to them.

SPOILT children shed tears if they are reproved. A crying shame.

A LAWYER spoke for five hours. Having taken up the law, he thought he had better lay it down.

THE belief that a horse-shoe is lucky is common. There is usually something underneath it.

GOOD boys get treated well at school. Masters always do things for the best.

The Daily Hero

No shouting breaks the air for them,
No flag, no cheer, no drum,
As down the street with tired feet
The daily heroes come.

Unknown, unsung, unthanked are all
These valiant ones of mine;
No mystic flame glows round their name,
But how their faces shine!

They do their duty, keep their faith,
And in their humble sphere
They live and love and rise above
The frets that cowards fear.

All honour to the men who fought
And died that wars might cease;
And honoured be the company
Of all who live for peace.

Undecorated millions brave
The heartbreak of each mile.
God grant them grace and strength to face
Tomorrow with a smile.

H. L. G.

In the Fog

By the Pilgrim

IT is a kind world, as the C N has said a thousand times. A motorist lost in a fog came to a cottage.

The door was opened by a little Yorkshire lady with a white apron. She told us which way to go, but added, "Bless you, you'll never find it a night like this. My husband will take you."

He came out of the warm kitchen to see what she wanted. He had just taken off his wet boots, but he put them on again cheerfully, got into his coat, picked up a lantern, and set out into the fog. He said it was no trouble, put us on the right road, wished us Good-night, and turned back. Not a penny would he take for his trouble.

Somehow we felt that our unpleasant adventure had been worth while, for we had stumbled on the Golden Rule.

The Souls We Do Not Understand

Ah, there be souls none understand;
Like clouds, they cannot touch the land,

Drive as they may by field or town.
Call these not fools; the test of worth
Is not the hold you have on earth.
Lo, there be gentlest souls, sea blown,
That know not any harbour known,
And it may be the reason is
They touch on fairer shores than this.

Joaquin Miller

A Prayer For the City

O God, grant us a vision of our city
fair as she might be; a city of justice
where none shall prey on others; a
city of brotherhood where all success
shall be founded on service, and honour
shall be given to nobleness alone; a
city of peace where order shall not
rest on force but on the love of all
for the city itself, the great mother of
the common life and weal. Amen

Man is His Own Star

Man is his own star, and the soul that
can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all
fate;
Nothing to him falls early or too late;
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

John Fletcher

ROOSEVELT'S FIGHT The Primaries and What They Mean

The newspapers are full of accounts of the results of the American Primary elections, in which, it is said, President Roosevelt has lost ground. What are these Primaries?

They should not be confused with the constitutional elections to Congress. They are not State elections, but purely Party concerns to decide, *within the Parties themselves*, what candidates shall stand as Party men for the various constituencies.

There are two American Parties, the Republican, which roughly corresponds to our Conservative Party, and the Democratic, which roughly corresponds to our Liberal Party.

We say roughly because no true comparison can be made. In the old days the Republicans were against reform and all for a high tariff, while the Democrats were reformers of a sort and advocates of free trade. In late years, however, each of the parties has changed somewhat. As industry has grown in the southern States many Democrats have become Protectionist, and as President Roosevelt (a Democrat) has pressed on with his New Deal policy of social and industrial reform, many Democrats have joined the Republicans in opposing him.

The Congress Elections

The Congress elections of 1938 are to be held in November. They are held every two years, while the Presidential election is held every four. Thus, the approaching election comes halfway between the Presidential elections of 1936 and 1940.

The many American politicians who oppose the Roosevelt policy hope to win enough seats in November to make it difficult for the President to pursue his social policy; hence the special importance of the Primary elections this year.

At these Primaries the supporters of Roosevelt have been beaten in a number of important cases, and so at the November election there will be in some constituencies Democratic candidates who are opposed to the President in his own Party. The Conservative Democrats now hope to prevent Mr Roosevelt, or a Roosevelt candidate, standing for President in 1940.

Such Primary elections are a logical development of Party. It is as though, in England, say for the town of Oxford, the General Election was prefaced by Party elections at which each of the great parties first elected for itself what candidates should be put forward.

Aeroplanes in 1940

It does not seem long since a man in the air was the wonder of the world.

Now we know it will not be long before what is known as sub-stratosphere flying will be the order of the day, passengers and goods being carried from place to place in planes so high that those who are on the ground will neither see them nor hear them.

The Air Ministry has ordered from a Rochester firm three passenger land-planes costing about £100,000 each, two designed to fly long distances at about 10,000 feet above sea-level, and one designed to soar to 25,000 feet, roaring through the thinner air of the sub-stratosphere at 275 miles an hour.

In America machines of this kind are known as over-weather planes, the idea being that soon after taking off they rise high enough to be above the storms and winds which hinder most planes, finding that calmer air which is as a rule ideal for flight. In that lofty sea above our heads (over four miles up) the new aeroplane will fly like a gigantic bird, the engines, Bristol Hercules, developing 1375 horse-power. The cabin will be sealed to enable the engine to supply it with warmed and conditioned air at a normal pressure.

Who Are the Arabs ? SYRIA'S MIXED RACES

Who are the Arabs, who have brought on us the terribly hard task of governing Palestine for the League with firmness and justice to all?

There are first to be considered the Arabs who assisted the British forces in the Great War after the Sherif of Mecca, the holy place of Islam, had issued a proclamation calling on all Arabs to throw off the Turkish yoke and fight for their own independence. The Arabs of the Hejaz in Northern Arabia at once responded to the call. He made short work of the slender Turkish garrisons, and afterwards, under the Sherif's son, the Emir Feisal, with Colonel T. E. Lawrence as his Chief of Staff, afforded invaluable help to the British Army under General Allenby as it pushed forward into Palestine and Syria.

The Arab Grievance

The Turks were swept out of Palestine, and our Arab allies, on the consummation of the victory which they had assisted to bring about, expected that they would inherit Palestine as the reward for their services. That they have not is their grievance, and that of other Arabs with whom they have made common cause.

The country of the Arabs, who, while other races have established themselves in towns and cities, have largely remained nomads, or wandering tribes, is immense. Besides the Arabs of Northern and Southern Arabia (which Ibn Saud has consolidated with a strong hand) there are Arabs in Upper Egypt, there are the Bedouin of the Egyptian deserts, there are Sinai Arabs in the east, and Berbers in the west. It is an interesting fact that most were the original Ishmaelites of the Bible.

There are others; and the key to their distribution north and north-east of Palestine is in a suggestion made by Sir Arnold Wilson that the British and French Governments should cooperate in seeking a settlement "which should embrace Syria as a whole, including Palestine, which was always politically and always must be geographically a part of Syria."

The French Government, which held the mandate for Syria and Lebanon, as the British Government holds that for Palestine, have granted independence to the two States of their mandate.

Federation Suggested

It is further suggested that a federation made of the Syrian State, Lebanon, the two Palestines, Arab and Jewish, and the Arab country east of Jordan would give the Syrian Arabs unity and possibly satisfaction and a sense of responsibility. At present it is from Damascus in Lebanon that the attacks on the British are organised.

The Arab folk, sparsely distributed over the Syrian desert, as well as forming the majority of the inhabitants of the featureless downs of Mesopotamia, represent the ebbing of the last tide of the Semitic invasion.

In the sandy waste of their western extension their tribes, shifting perpetually, like the sand dunes around which

they roam, consist, like the Egyptian Bedouin, of "tent men," which is what the name means. The purest living representatives of the ancient Semites, from whom Arabs and Jews are descended, are found among these Bedouins. Compared with them the Palestinian or Turkish Jews are a mixed race, Samaritans, Hittites, Arameans by descent.

Southern Syria was in old time a prey to invaders from every point of the compass. It was the ground where Hittite and Egyptian clashed, and the mark of these far-away struggles is left on the mingled races in Syria today. Syria is itself an elongated land passage 50 miles wide, connecting Northern Africa with Western Asia. The sea on the west, the desert on the east, sharply mark it off. Northern Syria is mountainous and inhospitable, southern Syria fertile. As a land bridge it was the scene of the coming and going of many conquerors, Hittites, Arameans, Assyrians, Romans, Arabs, and Turks, and they bequeathed their customs and character to the mixed populations of today.

The mountains of Syria harbour strange denizens. In the northern Lebanon many villages are inhabited by the Metaulehs, who are Shiite dissenters from the orthodox Mohammedan creed of the Arabs. Scattered through the same mountains are the Ismailiye, who under the name of the Assassins enjoyed a sinister fame in the Middle Ages. They live mainly in groups round ruined Saracen castles.

A Christian People

The Nusariye are an important group on the grassy seaward slopes of the mountains stretching towards Alexandretta. They are classed, like the Arabs, as Mohammedans, though their religion is not quite the same. Their ancestors were related to the Hittites. They all occupy, together with the Druses and the Maronites, the frontier zone between Syria, Asia Minor, and the Armenian highlands. They have villages round Antioch.

The southern Lebanon ranges behind the Haifa-Beirut coastline are inhabited by Druses, a warlike people whose fighting character has won them predominance in central Syria.

Closely related to the Druses are their north-western neighbours the Maronites, who are a Christian people who seceded from the Roman Church 1500 years ago. They are a compact mass of farming and agricultural people who have often suffered from their warlike neighbours, and have been at enmity with the Mohammedans since the Crusades. They may be said to be nearly the only section of Syria which is not actively in sympathy with the Moslem claims; and in the strange mixture of races in this borderland the Arabs are at the moment the chief representatives of Islam.

To sum up, the Arabs have united the forces of Islam in Syria in a way and to an extent that the Turks, when occupying Syria and Palestine, were unable to do.

Monkey Island

Monkey Island has just been opened at the Melbourne Zoo. There is nothing else quite like it in the world.

Forty Rhesus monkeys live in a pavilion at one end of a triangular island. All sorts of acrobatic performances will be enjoyed by the visitors, for besides the usual swings, poles, and seesaws there is a sort of pagoda in the middle of the island, with a spiral on it, on which the monkeys will do roundabout performances. Rhesus monkeys are good swimmers, and they will get plenty of practice in the moat, which is 20 feet wide. Outside the moat there is a wall eight feet high.

Rubber

The future of rubber seems rather brighter.

There is now some talk of rubber windows, for it has been found that when treated in a certain way rubber may be made almost as transparent as glass.

The National Physical Laboratory at Teddington is the home of the new rubber, which is produced by mixing chlorine either as a gas or liquid with rubber solution and subjecting the mixture to various temperatures. Hard or soft materials can be made in this way, and there appears to be no end to the uses to which this wonderful material can be put.

JAPAN IN THE GRIP OF BARBARISM

Secret of China's Staying Power

Japan has started a new campaign; still in the grip of her pitiless war on Central China, she has landed a new army, with all its machinery of murder, in South China, 50 miles north of Hong Kong.

But the end is not yet. China has stood up so long to all the armed might of Japan because the barbarous brutality of the attack has hammered the patient, enduring Chinese peasant into a solid block of resistance.

Japanese tanks, artillery, and bombing aeroplanes have done their worst, but all they have effected has been undone by the Japanese soldier, who has done worse. He has plundered and killed and burnt and committed every unimaginable outrage on harmless villagers, and the result has been to convert the peasant into a soldier. The Chinaman of every class has become convinced that there is nothing to do with the Japanese but fight them.

A correspondent of The Times has reckoned that in one area, with a population of about 140,000, more than 80 villages were burnt in the first six months of this year, 1036 people were killed, and 398 wounded. Their poor possessions have been wantonly destroyed. In many towns not a stick of furniture is left, for it has all been burnt for fuel. The crops are razed, and sometimes burnt. Starvation has followed in the Japanese army's train, and tens of thousands along the north shore of the Yangtse River had to live on the leaves and bark of trees during the spring.

Unconquerable Patience

It has been well said that if a few hundred Japanese officers had been court-martialled last year for offences against the civil population a larger area of China would have been conquered than by any victory the army has won.

In some of the northern parts of China the people have become used to the looting by bandits and by irresponsible war lords who were here today and gone tomorrow. They bowed low before the blast, waiting with the unconquerable patience of the Chinaman for the evil to pass over. But this vicious brutality of the unrestrained Japanese soldiery is something different. It has made the Chinese peasant a man burning with the desire to avenge his wrongs.

So it has come about that Chiang Kai-shek has been able to organise the Chinese masses, which nobody had succeeded in organising before, into guerrilla armies of resistance, widely scattered, but on that account far more difficult for any Japanese general to bring to their knees. Dispersed, they swarm again, and the longer the war goes on, and the more brutal the Japanese conduct of it, the fiercer burns the flame of hate for the invaders.

A Swing on the Elephant's Trunk

A South African hunting in the Lourenço Marques territory had a strange experience not long ago.

He was out elephant-hunting with a companion when suddenly he heard a loud trumpeting. He went in the direction of the noise, and was faced with a young elephant, about a year old. The animal scented him and charged. The hunter caught hold of its trunk, and was swung to and fro like a pendulum.

In the end the elephant was persuaded to let go, when, much to the hunter's surprise, it followed them back to camp, and enjoyed the food offered to it. The animal is to be given to a zoo.

The River in the News—The Vast East

THE vital changes now taking place in the map of Europe are transferring the ownership of road, river, and railway from one State to another by a stroke of the pen.

The famous River Danube, highway from time immemorial for conquering races and trading nations, is drastically affected by these changes, and one of the first steps in the negotiations between Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia was the demand for the transference of land through which the Danube flows.

Of course, the incorporation of Austria into a Greater Germany brought many miles of that river into the hands of the Nazis, not the least interesting being Linz, the home of Herr Hitler, on its banks.

Another great change affecting the river has taken place by agreement this summer, and that is the handing over to Rumania of the control of the last hundred miles of its course to the Black Sea by the European Commission which was established by the Treaty of Paris in 1856 and incorporated in the Treaty of Versailles.

Excepting the Volga in eastern Russia, the Danube is the longest river in Europe and, being linked by canal to the Rhine, it helps to form a waterway across the heart of Europe

from the Black Sea to the North Sea. About 1750 miles long, the Danube and its 300 tributaries drain an area of 320,000 square miles, or six times the area of England, and pours into the Black Sea through its delta a volume of water estimated at over 315,000 cubic feet a second.

Let us run rapidly down the course of this amazing river, from its source in the romantic Black Forest.

At a height of 2850 feet in the mountains runs a tiny stream of clear water, tumbling over mossy rocks, called the Brege. Ten miles to the south rises another brook, the Brigach, which meets the Brege at Donaueschingen to form the river known thereafter as the Danube. Only the volcanic ridge of the Hegau separates these headwaters from the Rhine, which makes its way northward while the Danube rushes east.

Rushing is a true description for the Danube as it hurries by the towering and castle-crowned peaks which recall the stirring past. One of the most imposing of the ruined fortresses soars above Tuttlingen, the birthplace of the author of Germany's patriotic song Watch on the Rhine.

The river is not navigable for steamers until we reach Ulm, but a

score of dams which hold up the current above that city enable many boats of shallow draught and canoes to ply between the villages, amid scenery so enchanting that the way is like a path through paradise.

From Ulm, a city crowned by the highest tower in the world (530 feet), the river crosses Bavaria, enlarged by the blue Blau and the pale-green Iller. The Naab and the Lech come in before it turns south-east at Regensburg, while Munich's river, the Isar, adds considerably to its volume before it reaches Passau on the Austrian boundary. All the charm associated with the life of the Bavarian peasants accompanies the river past many historic towns and villages, and beauty lingers on its banks through Austria.

But before we leave Passau, set on an immense promontory and girdled by the inky-black Ilz and Innsbruck's lovely stream the Inn, which both join the Danube here, we must pay a call at the old post office where four centuries ago the Emperor Charles the Fifth and the Elector of Saxony made a treaty establishing religious toleration in all Germany.

Hills and mountains bar the path toward Vienna, the stream narrowing and becoming more rapid beneath

wild rocks and cliffs. We look up at the grand pile of Melk Monastery with its 900 years behind it, and at the ruined castle of Durrenstein, where from his dungeon our Richard Coeur de Lion heard the strains of the harp played by the wandering minstrel Blondel. Now we reach the long gorge called the Wuchau, a marvellous mixture of mountain, forest, and vineyard, with many an ancient stronghold of robber knights on the crags above.

The Wuchau is the playground of the people of Vienna, but till yesterday their city was not actually on the banks of the Danube, but linked with it by the Wein Canal. A new decree, however, has just announced that over 100 square miles are to be added to the city's area, so that with a population of over two millions and an area of 470 square miles Vienna will be the most spacious city in Greater Germany and the sixth in the world. It is the building of inland harbours and docks along the Danube which is the chief reason for this huge extension.

The Danube is now over 300 yards wide, and, though it will again narrow and hurry through one or two mountain ranges, it has become of real value for the transport of goods in great barges and small steamers. Indeed,



RHINE-DANUBE WATERWAY, SHOWING RESOURCES OF COUNTRIES BEYOND GERMANY THROUGH WHICH IT FLOWS

tern Waterway Running Across Europe



Serb peasants on the road to market in Yugo-Slavia

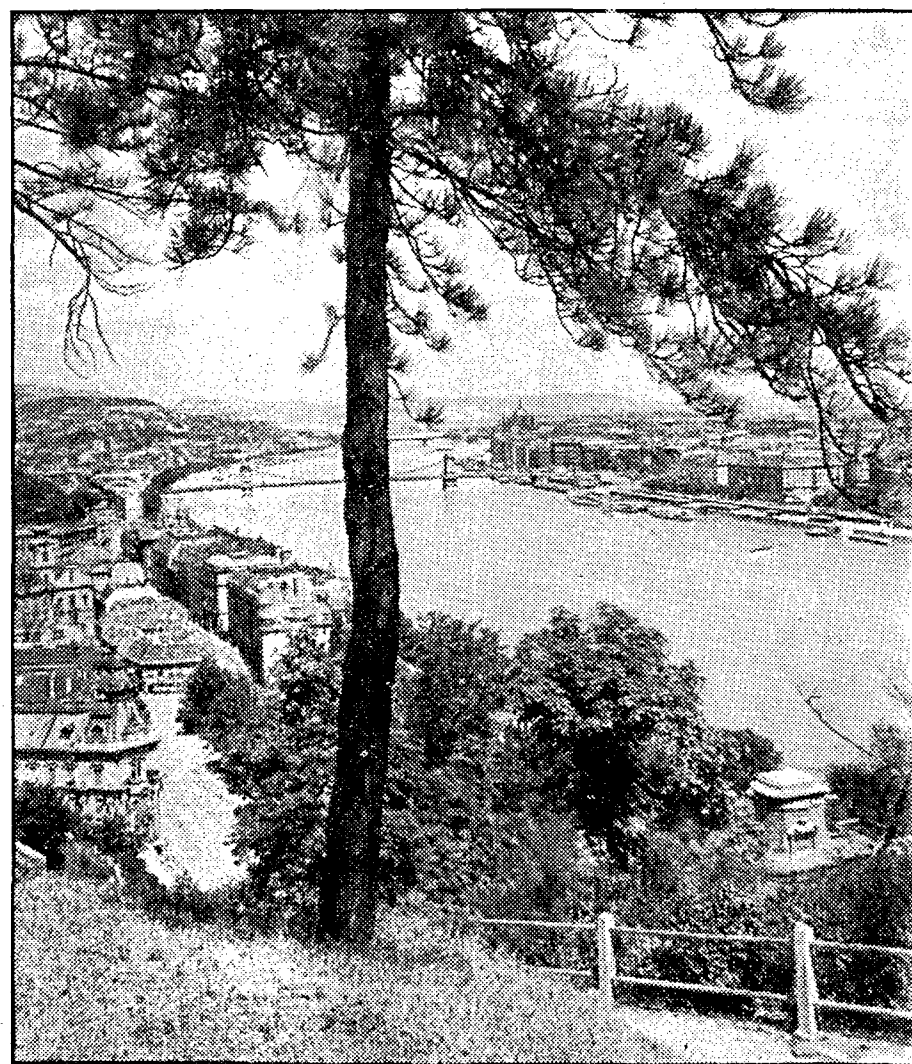
at any spot below the neighbourhood of Regensburg we may have come across a barge from the Rhine, for there has long been a canal, called the Ludwig, which runs through Nuremberg and connects a tributary of the Danube with the Regnitz, the Main, and the Rhine. This waterway is to be enlarged and will form an important link in the water-transport of which Vienna is to be so important a centre, becoming once again the busy and prosperous city she was before the war.

Eastward from that city which was once so gay, and loved to sing of the Blue Danube, the river now flows through low-lying country, dividing into separate channels and thus forming islands. On the left bank comes the River March after draining Moravia, and then Bratislava is reached. This place was chosen by those who signed the Statute of July 1921 as the headquarters of the International Commission which under the Treaty of Versailles was to control transport on the Danube from Ulm down to Braila, where the reconstituted European Commission took charge. With freedom for all and joint action to improve the navigation of a river so essential for all the nations on its banks, the scheme was one of the wise and just provisions that came from the Treaty. Germany had two representatives, while each other State had one, and each took turns of six months in presiding.

The Great Hungarian Plain

The Treaties established the Danube as a boundary between Hungary and Slovakia, and Hungary is now claiming both of the banks and more. It turns southward into Hungary, breaking through a ridge of the Carpathians at Esztergom, and then meanders for 230 miles across the Great Hungarian Plain, a region prolific in wheat, maize, potatoes, and sugar-beet, with Budapest as a great distributing centre.

Entering Yugo-Slavia, the Danube seems to be turned east by its powerful tributary the Drava, while the Sava appears to repeat the pressure just before Belgrade. Between these the Theiss has brought the waters from the Carpathians across Hungary to swell the river even more before it narrows in the Kazan defile and Iron Gates of the Transylvanian Alps. Fraught with infinite difficulty to the steersmen are these mountainous



The Danube as it flows through Budapest, capital of Hungary

chasms, yet modern engineers, by blasting away the rocks, have rendered the passage less hazardous.

A hundred miles beyond the Iron Gates the Danube forms the boundary between Rumania and Bulgaria, and the first place of importance we come to is Vidin, where, in the year 233, the Emperor Constantine overthrew a vast host of Goths and Huns. At Nikopoli new beauties begin. The two-mile-wide river is now bounded by bold cliffs, and islands in mid-stream are the haunts of grotesque pelicans and other wild birds. Here the Sultan Bajazet (the Thunderbolt) overthrew a Christian army of 100,000 men who had boasted that if the sky should fall they would uphold it with their lances.

Into the broad and now slowly-moving Danube the Ister comes up from Sofia, while on the north bank

enters also the great Oltu and many a lesser river rising in the Transylvanian mountains to make fertile the rich farmlands of Rumania. Bucharest, the capital, is on one of these streams, and is also linked with the Danube by rail to important towns on its banks. One of the railways crosses the river at Cernavoda to make its way across the Dobruja to Constanta on the Black Sea. German engineers have recently suggested the cutting of a canal along this low-lying belt where the river approaches nearest to the coast (30 miles) before winding north for another 200 miles to its delta.

Halfway on this last lap we reach Braila, where the ocean steamers unload their cargoes on river craft, and a little to the north is the bigger port of Galatz with its 100,000 people.

Ten miles beyond enters the great River Pruth from Moldavia and from Bessarabia, the province won from Russia at the end of the war.

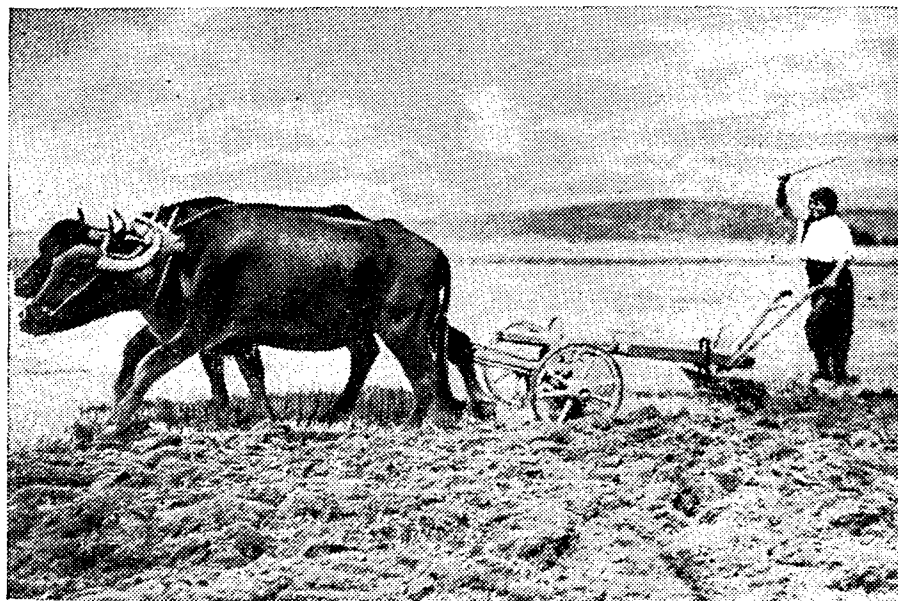
The mighty river now divides up into the channels which form its delta of 1000 square miles, a maze of reedy islands, the homes of seabirds and snakes, Serpent Island being named from the hideous jet-black snakes seen coiled here in the sunshine.

A hundred years ago the deepest of the mouths would not permit the passage of a ship drawing more than eight feet, but the Treaty of Paris at the close of the Crimean War changed all that. It established free navigation of the river, setting up an international commission to control and improve its channel as far as Braila. The work of this commission, and of the European Commission which took charge after the war, has been so effective that the channel has been deepened to 24 feet; Sulina, the port on the coast, has been brought nearer to Braila by twelve miles and is now a fine modern town. The European Commission derived its income from tolls on ships leaving the river, receiving nearly four million gold francs in 1936 and spending two-thirds of that sum on its work. Rumania took over this task in August, France, Britain, and Italy her fellow commissioners, feeling that her increased power justified the transfer.

An Exchange of Products

With Germany developing Vienna at the head of the vast agricultural belt which stretches down the valley of the Danube to the sea, and offering her industrial wealth to the countries on its banks in exchange for food products, the trade along this river will increase enormously. Germany's trade agreement with Turkey will add to the transport along the river, and many a ship from Turkey's new Black Sea ports will load and unload at the ports of Rumania into barges, which may even travel by way of the Ludwig Canal to the Rhine.

It remains to be seen to what extent Germany's new command over this magnificent waterway will affect the trade France and England have fostered for so long with the countries of south-eastern Europe; but there is room for all, and there is no reason why the wealth of the Danube countries should not be shared by Europe.



A peasant woman ploughing with buffaloes in the Danube region of Rumania

THE STEEL CURTAIN FOR FLYING INVADERS

What the Buffalo Balloons Can Do

The stockade was for ages the chief means of defence by a civilised people against a marauding band or an invading host.

Today, with flying foes, the wooden palisade has been replaced by steel ropes hanging from the sky, stretching from balloons to the ground wherever there is danger of aeroplane attack. It is an astonishing development of this astounding age, and multitudes of people have been interested in the strange sight of these balloons, looking rather like buffaloes in the sky.

The Apron Protection

This form of defence proved its value in the last year of the war, when what was called an apron was introduced into this country. The apron was first used to protect Venice from hostile raiders, and consisted of captive balloons with a series of long wires suspended between their mooring ropes to cut in two the propellers of any aeroplane that ran into them. Invisible by night, they had a moral effect which at any rate kept an enemy at a considerable height.

The idea has been improved upon in recent years, and is today one of the chief forms of defence for London and our big towns. London recently had a display by the new Territorial Force which handles these remarkable engines of defence.

Known as the Auxiliary Air Force, with a roll of 6000, this body consists of groups of ten, each group in control of a balloon, which is carried (deflated) on a lorry fitted with a powerful winch and a half-inch steel cable, and towing a trailer piled up with cylinders of hydrogen gas.

Six Miles High

The balloon can be quickly inflated with this gas, and will rise rapidly to a height of 10,000 feet, the winch being capable of hauling it down in about five minutes. This would be necessary if a splinter from an anti-aircraft shell pierced the envelope, causing it to deflate slowly and to require patching. It is claimed that the balloons can reach a height of six miles, but it would not be necessary to go so high, as the object of the balloons is to form a barrage to compel hostile aircraft to fly at such a height that fighting aeroplanes and shells from batteries can deal with them. (The high-angle fire of the gun is at a disadvantage against low-flying aeroplanes.)

To establish a stockade of balloons round London would require over 1000, spaced at intervals of 100 yards, but this is not necessary; the spacing out of the balloons over wider and deeper areas is a more effective use as a deterrent, the cables being invisible and their location from the balloons being hard to judge by the airmen.

Working in companies and covering even small sections of outer London at different times, this Balloon Defence would have a moral effect on the bravest of foes, for to come in contact with one cable would risk immediate destruction of the aeroplane.

The Pheasant on the Clock

Sunderland had an unusual visitor the other day. It was a hen pheasant, perching happily on the dome of a clock in the very heart of this busy town's main street.

Under an ancient statute manorial and shooting rights may be bought by Sunderland shopkeepers, so that we might expect the bird to be surrounded by excited guns in next to no time. Not a bit of it. Believe it or not, when it came down into the street the deputy chief constable caught it and, taking it out into the country, released it.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S STREET

His Birthplace and His School

TRIBUTE OF HUNTINGDON TO MILTON'S CHIEF OF MEN

ONE of the most interesting streets in England has this week completed a historic tribute which tells the world why it should pause here as it passes by.

It is the main street of the fine little town of Huntingdon, at one end of which is Oliver Cromwell's birthplace and at the other end Oliver Cromwell's school. There is now a tablet at both places for the first time; it is part of the movement which has come into being for marking all the historic Cromwell sites in England.

The tablet on the school has been unveiled by Lord Sandwich, who lives close by in the ancestral home of the Cromwells, Hinchbrook. The work of fixing the tablets has been undertaken by the Cromwell Association, with the approval of the governors of the Grammar School and the Commissioner of the Office of Works.

The Roman Way

There are few streets in England which run between two points of such historic interest in the life of one great man, and Huntingdon, whose streets have sounded with the tramp of Roman legions, which had a Saxon castle on the little green hill at the back of its square, is doubly proud of the little school the Normans built, for to it came not only Oliver Cromwell but Samuel Pepys. It is the school of our immortal Diarist and of our Chief of Men, as Milton called Cromwell.

The birthplace of Cromwell is now a square brick house at the bottom of Huntingdon's long street, the Roman Way called Ermine Street. It is a house without distinction as we look at it, for it has been refashioned and probably nothing we see of it is actually as old as Cromwell's day. Yet it stands by the walls of the vanished priory which were old when little Oliver first looked at them, and the wall still runs through the garden in which he used to play. We have walked through an arch he would walk through. And it is still true that within the space of the four walls of this house Oliver Cromwell opened his eyes on the world; here we are standing on the spot where began that life which shook the English throne, established securely the greatness of our people, and gave to history for all time a man to wonder at.

The Head on a Post

Fitting it is that, though the house has lost all signs of greatness, it stands where the old monks used to live on the road where Caesar's soldiers passed, and we know that along this very street little Oliver Cromwell walked to that small building at the end with a magnificent Norman doorway still at the pavement, and six Norman arches still on its attractive front. It is the Grammar School of Huntingdon, thrilling not only as a piece of Norman England, the hall of a vanished 12th century hospital, but because to this school came two boys whose names are famous through the world. One was Oliver himself, and one was Samuel Pepys, who was born in a village near by, and was one day to pass by Tyburn Hill and see the great Oliver's head on a post, going home to write in his diary that night that he did see this thing and did think it an indignity for a man so great.

We have seen the page in the Register with the words of the birth and baptism of Cromwell—it is still in All Saints Church across the street from the school; and we have seen the stone they put above his father's grave with the name Richard Cromwell deeply cut in it. It is, for some odd reason, now in St Mary's Church, though Cromwell's father and grandfather both lie in All Saints. Near them lie also two Joan Cromwells, Oliver's sister and his grandmother; and here also Oliver buried his little son James, not long after his baptism.

St Mary's and All Saints are the old churches of the town; the Falcon and

the George are its old inns, both 17th century. The Falcon has a cobbled courtyard with a bow window over the gateway, and the George has a galleried yard with a wooden staircase leading to a painted balcony.

The 15th century All Saints looks out on the marketplace with its richly sculptured walls, its pinnacled and battlemented tower, its attractive clere-storey, and its buttresses guarded by figures under canopied niches. Its tower is 14th century.

The interior glory is its chancel roof, the cornice carved with small faces, the beams adorned with tiny winged angels in gold, with eight great angels reaching out from the walls and looking down. Everywhere on the roof are roses and crowns and stars, flowers and knots and shields, and bearing up the beams on the wall is a company of wooden figures resting on brackets of grotesque creatures in stone. Under this roof rested for a night the body of Mary Queen of Scots on its way from her old grave in Peterborough to her new grave in the Abbey.

The font at which Cromwell was baptised is older than the church it stands in; the bowl is 13th century.

A Famous Roll of Names

Over the doorway, in memory of Alice Weaver, is her kneeling figure in alabaster, with her husband and her six children.

Down the street towards Cromwell's birthplace is a house which travellers come to see, for it was William Cowper's, an 18th century house where the poet lived with the Unwins as a paying guest; he called them the most agreeable family in the world. Cowper bathed in the river here.

Cromwell, Pepys, Cowper—this old town has a famous roll of names.

And a little way out of the town is the finest country-house in the county, Hinchbrook, home of the Cromwells before Oliver was born.

Some of the magnificence of a castle, the quiet splendour of the dwelling of a wealthy Tudor knight, and the cloistered solemnity of a college quadrangle cling about this great place, now the home of the Earl of Sandwich. It has in a measure been all these, for this beautiful rambling group of buildings has grown up during four centuries round what was once a nunnery.

Here our first Stuart king, on his triumphal progress to London after the death of Queen Elizabeth, called on Sir Oliver Cromwell; strange that the first of our Stuart kings should stay in the home of the Cromwells on that historic ride from Scotland. The king came many times after that, and the story is told that on one of these visits little Oliver Cromwell was present at his uncle's house and quarrelled with the young Prince Charles. It was their first encounter, and the day came when Charles returned to Hinchbrook as a defeated king, the new owner of the house then holding high command in the Parliamentary Army.

Look To Your Elms

Have you an old elm tree in your garden? Or close by on your busy road?

If so it would be wise to have it examined by an expert. We are in the windiest part of the year now, when many trees are blown to the ground.

Already elm trees have caused bad accidents this autumn. No one can tell by the outward appearance of the tree whether it is healthy or not. Every year apparently healthy elms are blown down, and even more lose big branches. They are not safe trees to have in your garden fence, or in fields where cattle graze; and they are especially dangerous on busy roads. So, if you are planting in such places, choose safer trees.

QUEEN OF THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS

Tonga and Her Pooh-Bah

A charming romance lies behind the greeting sent by King George to Salote, Queen of Tonga.

Her Majesty has completed 20 years of her reign as Queen of the island giving its name to an archipelago in the Western Pacific, which we delight to remember by the title given to it by Captain Cook.

Twice he was there, the second time for a spell of seven weeks, and so courteous, kindly, and hospitable did he find the people that he called their home the Friendly Islands. These lie 300 miles east of Fiji and a thousand miles north of New Zealand, by which Dominion they are administered. It was in New Zealand that the Queen received her education, and where three of her sons are at present at school. She is 38, and her husband is also her Prime Minister.

Survivors of Last Century

Although New Zealand influence naturally counts for much in the islands, the people still have reason to remember Captain Cook, for he left them the pigs and cattle from which their livestock is descended. Their horses they obtained from New Zealand halfway through last century.

One of the strangest stories of empire was written in the Friendly Islands towards the close of the 19th century by a missionary named Shirley Baker, sent there by the Wesleyan Church of Australia. The islands were not yet a British Protectorate, and, trading on the easy good nature of the native king, Baker betrayed his trust, turned himself into an adventurer, and gradually gathered all power into his hands, so that what Pooh-Bah is in Gilbert's Mikado Baker actually was in Tonga. He was Premier, Minister of Foreign Affairs, President of the Court of Appeal, Auditor-General, Minister of Lands, Judge of the Land Court, Minister of Education, Agent-General, and Medical Attendant to the King.

He gave the islands a national flag, he made a treaty between Tonga and Germany; he separated the local church from the parent body, and persecuted those who did not join him quite in the manner of medieval Europe. When at last the islands became a British Protectorate he was removed from office, but before finally disappearing into obscurity he reappeared, to attempt to create there what he called the Free Church of England, another fruitful source of trouble.

The King and the Jack Tar

Since then Tonga has advanced apace, and King George has been able to congratulate Queen Salote on immense progress in all the public services contributing to the health, education, prosperity, and contentment of her subjects. British and natives are on the happiest of terms, and we have no more such comical misunderstandings as that which arose when, before the change of government was effected, an English Jack Tar, placed on sentry-go before the palace with instructions to allow no one to pass, stopped an elderly native gentleman who sought to pass from the palace to bathe in the sea.

Although explanations were offered, the sailor was adamant, and the would-be bather returned to his dwelling. It was the king, who made no complaint, but merely expressed the wish that his own subjects were as faithful to orders as the resolute British sailor who had deprived him of his morning dip.

The Strip of Land

A dispute about a strip of land nine feet long by ten inches wide occupied a judge for four hours at Blackburn the other day. It is believed to be the smallest area ever disputed in court.

FASTER THAN HE KNEW

Travelling Eight Miles in a Minute

How fast did Squadron-Leader Gillan fly on his record-breaking dash by air from Edinburgh to Northolt last February?

From Scotland to Middlesex seems a long way, but he covered the distance in 48 minutes, his average speed being nearly 400 miles an hour. But Commander Gillan has been writing to the Journal of the R A F College to say that he overshot Northolt. Coming out of a cloud through which he had flown for ten minutes he saw below him the red light of the Northolt station. By the time he was able to register it he had travelled another seven miles, which meant that he had to turn round and waste five minutes in getting back to the landing ground. It seems that his average speed was probably really 456 miles an hour for the journey of 327 miles.

To keep up this average over such a distance means that his plane would travel at a higher speed for a considerable distance, and Squadron-Leader Gillan believes that at any rate for a few minutes he must have been roaring through the sky at something between 500 and 550 miles an hour.

On his journey north this amazing airman arrived at Turnhouse Aerodrome, Edinburgh, before his telegram asking the authorities to have petrol ready.

Inner London's Leafy Lane

By the side of the clamorous traffic of the Kensington Road, just beyond Kensington High Street, stands Holland Park, with Holland House rising remote within it.

Just opposite Earl's Court Road is Holland Walk, where the wayfarer in London may catch a glimpse of the historic old house among its planes and oaks and cedars. But now a road has been made on the other side of that gracious sanctuary, so that others who travel more swiftly if less pleasantly may also admire.

This road is London's new leafy lane, almost as strangely wonderful as old Holland Park, still surviving between the two main thoroughfares of Kensington Road and Holland Park Avenue, the arteries of traffic between east and west.

It is a lane, with all a lane's charm of trees on either side, where birds nest and sing; but in effect it is a 50-foot road.

News From the Country

Dear Editor, Here are some interesting things I have seen.

A nest of young birds while I was napping in September.

Wild strawberry blossom along the river bank and primroses in our garden this week.

An eel eating potato peelings thrown into the River Avon.

Ruth Mould, Lake, near Salisbury

25 YEARS AGO

From the C N of October 1913

A Bird Flies Through a Train. An odd thing happened in a train a week or two ago. The train was taking people home from London to Swanley in the evening, and while passing through a beautiful wood at Bickley and St Mary Cray the passengers in one of the compartments were startled by a bird that flew in at the open window. It was only for a moment, for the bird flew straight through the other window into the woods again.

Such things may have happened before, but they are very rare.

A Hundred Years of Canada MAN WHO WALKED ACROSS IT

CANADA, as Canadian artists have seen it during the last century, is shown in nearly 300 pictures assembled at the Tate Gallery.

The pictures are lent by the National Gallery of Canada, the Toronto Art Gallery, as well as by the Canadian High Commissioner, Mr Vincent Massey, and they display the old Dominion in a way never before attempted in England.

Valuable and interesting as the modern pictures are, most visitors will pause longest in the room where the oldest paintings of Canadian pioneers are collected, with some old Canadian Indian work to serve as a background. High on a wall two Chilkat ceremonial robes hang above the pictures and the Indian carvings.

These fringed blankets are covered with signs indicating the totems of Pacific tribes of Indians, the beaver, the fish, the bear, or other animal. They were made by a tribe living on Queen Charlotte Island, and are seldom met now.

Below them are some small totem poles, carved out of argelite, a sort of black soapstone which hardens and takes a high polish. These also are Indian work. The big totem poles are going out of fashion with the Pacific coast Indians as education spreads, but the Canadian Government is busy setting up again many that have fallen.

Contrasting with this Indian work are several remarkable pieces of wood

carving by early French Canadian settlers in the 18th century. One earlier piece, of about 1650, of a Madonna and Child is of remarkable sweetness and grace.

After the carvings come the pictures, beginning with those by Cornelius Krieghoff, who was born just before the Battle of Waterloo, and who painted scenes of the life of the settlers, their villages, their merrymakings in winter and summer, with a patient Dutch fidelity to detail.

Near them is the work of Paul Kane, who tramped on foot across Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific a hundred years ago, and brought back with him paintings of noted Indian chiefs in full dress, as well as a view of Winnipeg when it was little more than a fort by a river.

On the wall next to Paul Kane's Indians is a charming old-fashioned picture of a later date, of a meeting of the school trustees of a village in Ontario. Very solemn the fathers of the hamlet look, and very serious the young lady teacher, whose name on her copybook can still be read.

The exhibition, which has been arranged by Mr Eric Brown, Director of the National Gallery of Canada, will, after remaining at the Tate for two months, go on a tour to one or two principal towns. It has considerable value in education.

The Incredible Journey of Men Before History

WE speak of Australia as the youngest continent, but in truth she is very old.

From London's Guildhall Museum there has just been sent out to the Museum of Perth in Western Australia a collection of antiquities of Roman London, and we may presume that a jug which is older than any Thames bridge, pins and needles older than civilisation, and a pipe which was smoked before ever an Englishman had seen Australia, will give our Southern Commonwealth a feeling of a culture far older than the history of their land.

And yet the unwritten history of the Island Continent goes back so far that all these other things seem as of yesterday. It was during our own century that a human skull was found at Talgai, near Darling Downs in South Queensland, and the discovery throws back the story of man in Australia probably hundreds of thousands of years.

With the Talgai skull were the fossilised teeth of dogs that had clearly been the servants and companions of this ancient man.

Here were indications of one of the most astonishing voyages in the history of

the world, a voyage far from the West to Australia perhaps hundreds of thousands of years ago; a voyage made in boats by men and their wives, accompanied by dogs they had already domesticated, and taken into partnership as their helpers in hunting and defence.

When they arrived in Australia the land was peopled by animal giants, compared with which our biggest kangaroos are pygmies. Those early men and early dogs must have killed and eaten the Australian giants as our forefathers killed and ate the mammoth.

There were the beginnings of a race in a continent to which all things seemed possible, but age after age elapsed before other domesticated animals reached Australia, until, in fact, Captain Cook took them. These people were cannibals who could not build a house of even the roughest type, and whose mental equipment was so deficient that they could not count up to more than five.

They were the ancestors of the Australian Blackfellow of whom our friend Mrs Daisy Bates has told us so much in the C N.

Keeping the Thames Beautiful

One of the most beautiful reaches on the Thames is to be preserved as an open space for ever.

This is the Cliveden Reach extending from Cookham to Taplow and famous for the woodlands on the left bank.

The Cliveden Estate belonging to Lord Astor, together with the Dropmore Estate and the Taplow Estate of Lord Desborough, are included in a town-planning agreement affecting South Buckinghamshire, whose authorities have been in the front of the campaign for preserving the beauty of England.

We hope that the Berkshire authorities will see that the right bank of the Thames along the Cliveden Reach is protected in the same way.

The Spoiler of the Countryside

A northern correspondent sends us this note of a spoiler of the countryside.

Not long ago a motor-car drew up in front of the well-known Cow Rock on Ilkley Moor.

A man and a woman stepped out, and the former was heard to ask his companion whether she had brought the hammer and chisel out of the car. She produced them, and the man at once took the tools and set to work to add his initials to the hundreds which disfigure the Rock.

Calf Rock, which stands close by, demands a steeper climb, but people have cut deep footholds and hand-grips so that they could reach up to carve their names.

WATERLOO BRIDGE IS RISING UP

Who Will Pull Rochester Bridge Down?

We are beginning to see new Waterloo Bridge taking shape at last.

One of the piers on which it will rest is now revealed, a vast structure made of reinforced concrete faced with granite, against which many a thousand tides and currents will swirl and fret, we hope, without effect on its stability.

We see this bridge rising and know its story, like that of the bridge which has unhappily come down; but the history of many famous bridges is involved in mystery. Nobody knows who set up and maintained scores of bridges which spanned the swift rivers men had to cross when they wandered about Europe in olden days, seeking knowledge from one seat of learning after another.

The old monks who kept the way open across the waters, the hermits dwelling by the only footway across the streams and torrents, the raising of the funds, the execution of the difficult and perilous work in an age of primitive engineering appliances—here is material to stir the fancy.

Many of our old English bridges have wonderful histories, and perhaps none more astonishing than that of the successive bridges at Rochester. Until the present unlovely structure was built last century the road bridge across the Medway was borne on nine piers, rammed in by no fewer than ten thousand iron-shod timber piles.

Fifty Parishes Pay

The cost of maintaining the bridge was spread over more than fifty parishes on the river and its tributaries, the parishes being grouped to sustain the cost of individual piers. A big prosperous parish, such as Hoo then was, had to maintain two piers, but the yearly cost of the two central piers, which had to bear the greatest strain of wear and tear, was distributed over more than a dozen parishes.

The armies of Agincourt went to battle and came home victorious by that old bridge, and Henry the Fifth contributed 50 marks, which would be about £500 of our money, for their passage. But when Sigismund, Emperor of Germany, came here to sign a treaty with him the following year the bridge wardens did not profit. On the contrary, their accounts show that they had to spend extra money to strengthen the centre of the bridge with timber and "four great bolts of iron in preparation for the coming of the Emperor to England."

Speaking of Rochester's bridges, it is permissible once more to remind ourselves that three bridges still cross the Medway here, all of them ugly, one of them doing nothing, and not one of the three worthy of the historic city to which they bring us. We know of no place in England where a noble river is so disgraced as at Rochester. While Waterloo Bridge is going up, could not Rochester pull down the useless railway bridge that nobody wants, idle and ugly all these years?

The Idea of Old Thomas Sharples

The C N has told of many interesting bequests from time to time, and now we hear of another.

Every autumn a man in a Bolton office sits compiling a list of people called Sharples or Hesmondhalghs. For anyone called by either of these names having an income of less than £50 a year is entitled to a pension, according to the will of Thomas Sharples, a Manchester business man, who died 14 years ago.

Each year the list of pensioners grows a little. Today there are over three hundred people on the list.

THE COMING OF URANUS

The Most Distant World Visible to the Eye

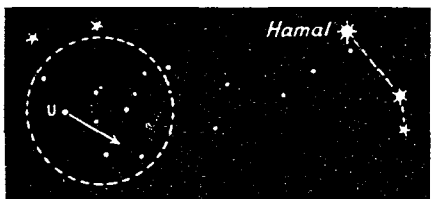
By the C.N. Astronomer

The strange world of Uranus is now coming into good position for observation high up in the south-east sky in the evening. He will be at his nearest and some 1735,750,000 miles away on November 8, so that we shall have a good chance of seeing him with the naked-eye on any clear, dark night. His position in the heavens can easily be found by the following means.

It may be remembered that the position of the stars Alpha in Pisces and Mira relative to Saturn was described in the C.N. for October 15. To the north of these stars will be seen the bright star Hamel with two others arranged in the striking fashion shown in the star-map. These are the chief stars of Aries. Stretching away from them toward the south-east is a collection of faint stars only just visible on a clear, dark night. These are shown as dots on the star-map, the one marked U being Uranus. He may be picked out at once with the aid of field-glasses or even opera-glasses. The broken circle represents, approximately, the field of view of the glasses, but they would show a few more fainter stars according to their power. As those included in the broken circle of the star-map are all of nearly the same brightness as Uranus they will be readily identified.

It may be noted that Uranus will exhibit a decidedly greenish tint, and in the course of a few days will be seen to have moved to the right. This will amount to a distance of half a degree, or about the Moon's apparent width, in the course of about ten days. So the motion of Uranus will be quite obvious, and gradually in the course of the next two months he will travel as far as indicated by the arrow on the star-map.

During this time Uranus will have sped 22 million miles on his course; but the Earth will be gradually leaving him behind as she travels four and a half times faster in her orbit. So Uranus



The present position of Uranus shown by the U, the arrow indicating his progress during the next two months

will not get brighter, but he will get higher in the sky earlier in the evening, and for the next four months may be studied on any dark starlit night.

There is a great fascination in getting a glimpse of this great greenish world that is 30,900 miles in diameter and so remote. Uranus is in fact the farthest world or planet which it is possible to see with the unaided eye, and it seems strange that the sharp eyes of the ancient astronomers who scanned the heavens under ideal conditions did not discover him. His existence was unknown until March 13, 1781, when Sir William Herschel discovered him, thinking at first that he was a distant comet.

It took nearly twelve months before he was found to be a planet, such was the inferiority of telescopes in those days. Then Herschel named him Georgium Sidus, or George's Star, after his patron George the Third; but generally it came to be known as Herschel till the mythological name Uranus was suggested by the German astronomer Bode, many years later, as being appropriate. For Uranus was the father of Saturn according to mythological lore, and so aptly symbolised the world which was next in order of distance from the Sun and us. However, the letter H has been woven into the astronomical symbol for this planet, and so its discoverer's name will remain associated with Uranus. G. F. M.

WHAT TO DO WITH A SLUM

Finsbury's Great H

The true test of the value of any building is that it serves its purpose with economy of space, dignity, and convenience.

Sincerity should be as apparent in its aspect, within and without, as much as in the countenance and bearing of a human being.

It is good to see that many of our modern architects are pursuing this goal in their designs; this is why our new hotels, stations, shops, and homes are so far in advance of those of our grandfathers, who failed to realise that a Greek façade or Gothic roof was unsuitable for a railway station.

A building cannot fail to please when it reveals its purpose to the eye, and therefore a real welcome can be given to the Finsbury Health Centre which Lord Horder opened last week in Pine Street.

On the Site of a Slum

The work of Messrs Tecton, architects of the Zoo's new buildings, this Centre on the site of a slum is the very opposite of slumdom in every line of its structure, as in the new open space about it. Whereas the slum can be compared to a human child with its organs clogged and cramped by dirt and disease, this new building stands for the child in robust health, with heart, lungs, muscles, skin, and brain functioning as Nature intended.

Planned as an H (for Health?), this building has all its clinics on the ground floor, approached by a slope (not steps) so that the aged and infirm can enter with ease. Even the corridors are designed to ease the mind, the oppressive long tunnel type being replaced by angles and curves, which vary to allow for any congestion at points where visitors will be most numerous.

The upper floors contain the offices of the staff, a lecture hall, reception wards, and a kitchen, while hidden at the rear of the building is a half-basement, at one end of which arrive articles requiring disinfection and cleansing, to be taken away purified at the other.

Garden and Playground

Gardens are to brighten the courts formed by the great H, and there is a roof terrace over the entrance hall. The windows are continuous in their cream concrete walls, while other cheerful tints brighten the interior walls.

At the back of this building children swing high, swing low, in their playground, and when some buildings have been pulled down in Farringdon Road, revealing this oasis to all who pass by, this part of Clerkenwell will look much more as it did two centuries ago when the world of fashion came here to take the waters and breathe the air of the countryside then at the City gates.

At a cost that is hardly worth considering when we realise the result to human wellbeing, Finsbury has shown the way of Health to any borough which may be hesitating about the best way to deal with its slums and those unhappy folk who dwell in them.

Footprints in Tasmania

There was great excitement in Tasmania some time ago when tracks of the Tasmanian marsupial "tiger" were found in remote districts.

The Animal and Birds Protection Board of Hobart has organised special exploration parties to find out if it is really true that this "tiger," one of the few living descendants of the early mammals, still exists.

They have discovered that it is still to be found in densely timbered and almost unexplored country on the west coast, and steps are now being taken to protect this night animal which, when the white man first settled in Tasmania, was ruthlessly hunted because it used to prey on livestock.

THE SMALL HOUSE

What and Where it Should Be

In the last ten years millions of small houses have been built in England, and at the Royal Institute of British Architects in Portland Place we have been able to see what they are, what they ought to be, and also what, very often, they are not.

The happy small house is what the largest number among us seek, and the exhibition reminds us, by a series of arranged photographs, of how we best may find it, as well as how so many people have missed it.

When the movement gathered force rather more than ten years ago to "buy your own house" instead of renting one, small houses arose by the thousand to supply the demand. They were the work of the enterprising builder, and were run up with small regard for anything but cheapness.

Cheapness is no crime (rather the contrary); but these houses were placed in the landscape with no scruple about spoiling it. Miles of roads were built at the expense of public authorities to improve transport. The small houses were laid in unending rows beside them. These houses on traffic arteries are noisy; and access to them is difficult and dangerous.

The Village Beautiful

A number of photographs show how this kind of lay-out has ruined the countryside. Other photographs show how the houses might have been, and more recently have been, laid out, so as to give them quiet, safety, and a dignity of their own.

Such dignity cannot be attained when the houses, all as much alike as ninepins, are set up like a row of ninepins. It is even less likely if the ninepin house, built by mass-production, is, to begin with, of a bad or pretentious pattern. The exhibition shows by photographs how unworthy such patterns are, and adds as a footnote that many of them will be ready to fall down by the time their owners have paid the last instalment on them.

But there is a good deal more in the exhibition than destructive criticism. There are delightful photographs of the way in which simply but correctly many an old-fashioned English village solved the small-house problem, putting it in its place as if it had grown there, and imparting to it an individual and collective beauty.

Site planning and house planning are improving by noting the mistakes of the past; and here again the photographs show how it is being done, and should be done. Finally, the small house itself, inside and out, built of brick, stone, timber, or concrete, is exhibited to show what the house-dweller should ask for.

Not Cricket

Gregorio Prieto, a Spanish artist, is being praised for his drawing of a scene from English cricket, shown in London: a batsman at the wicket and a wicket-keeper on guard.

But it takes a cricketer to understand our national game. Our Spanish admirer shows a bat looking like an angular club; the wicketkeeper has a boot as heel-less as a tennis shoe, and, to crown all, the artist has forgotten that to play cricket matches we must have stumps.

Experts in Helmets

It is part of a policeman's job to protect British wild birds, and the police of Somerset take the job seriously.

Mr Cox, of the bird sanctuary at Brean Down, near Weston-super-Mare, offered to teach the men about this important subject, and his lectures are very popular. Much of their leisure time is spent at the sanctuary, and they are becoming very knowledgeable birdmen.

ON THE BANKS OF ROTO-AIRA

The Maoris and Their Lake

New Zealand has so many lakes and streams stocked with trout that it is sometimes called the Angler's Paradise.

Unfortunately, the introduction of trout rather altered the balance of Nature in New Zealand waters. Here is a tale of the trout of Lake Roto-aira, near Rotorua, which enjoys the distinction of being preserved for the brown-skinned Maoris.

The Government of New Zealand has now enacted a law securing to the Ngati-Tuwharetoa tribe of Maoris the exclusive right of fishing in this little lake. The privilege was originally granted to the tribe many years ago to preserve the valuable fisheries of the native fish known as koaro, and to prevent the introduction of hungry trout which would gobble it up.

But there were white fishermen who could not bear to see such a fine sheet of water reserved for the Maoris, and someone secretly liberated young trout in the lake. The trout thrived on the little native fish, greatly to the indignation of the tribe who owned the lake, as their ancestors had done for generations before the coming of the white man.

White anglers began fishing here, and then followed lawsuits. A test case resulted in favour of the white men, who won on a legal point, but in equity the Maoris had the right of it. There was only one thing for the Government to do, and a new law has now been passed to make the fishing rights of the Maoris secure.

It is good to know that the Parliament of New Zealand has found time to right a wrong done to these Maori lake-dwellers. On the shores of Lake Roto-aira everyone is now happy.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

Here are details of broadcasts for the week beginning Monday, October 31.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 Science and Gardening—How the Plant is Built up: by B. A. Keen. 2.30 Preparatory Concert Lesson—More Working Songs: by J. W. Horton.

TUESDAY, 11.0 Physical Training (for use in halls). 11.25 History in the Making. 11.45 Physical Training (for use in classrooms). 2.5 Our Parish—Down the Mine. 2.30 Great Writers of English—How the Ballads were made: by Ian L. Serrallier. 3.0 Violin Concert Lesson: Canon and Imitation.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 World History (A Wise Man of the West—Socrates): by Rhoda Power. 2.30 The Cause of Diseases: by H. Munro Fox.

THURSDAY, 11.25 Understanding Animals—Bringing Reindeer to the Eskimo: by Guy Rhoades. 2.5 Nature Study—The King of the River: by Eric Parker. 2.30 British History—Manners Maketh Man: by Dorothy Hartley.

FRIDAY, 2.5 A Travel Talk—Living in Baghdad: by E. C. Mansergh. 2.45 Junior English—Poetry Programme. 3.10 A Feature Programme. 3.35 Talk for Sixth Forms—The Cynics: by Sir Richard Livingstone.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training, Seniors: by Anne H. McAllister.

TUESDAY, 11.0 and 11.45 As National. 2.5 Round the Village—The Postman: by John R. Allan. 2.30 and 3.0 As National.

WEDNESDAY, 11.5 Speech Training, Juniors—Making our Voices sound pleasant (3): by Anne H. McAllister. 2.30 Biology—Animal Coats: by A. D. Peacock.

THURSDAY, 11.0 Intermediate French. 2.5 Music—Notes and Rests: by Herbert Wiseman. 2.40 Nature Study—Producers of Pearls: by James Ritchie. 3.5 Scottish History—The Towns (1): by R. L. Mackie.

FRIDAY, 2.5 British Empire Geography—Explorers, Planters, and Traders (2, Rubber Planting in Malaya): by W. N. Sands. 2.45 As National.

ONE OF THE WORLD'S ENEMIES

The Malarial Mosquito

Still the battle against malaria is being fought, though it is just 40 years since Ronald Ross revealed the secret of the way in which it spreads.

It spreads from the anopheles mosquito to man and from man to the mosquito, and at a meeting of the Empire Planters Group Sir Malcolm Watson, Director of the Ross Institute, reminded his audience that much malaria was made unwittingly by man himself. If he lives in places where the mosquito that carries the germ of malaria can easily attack him he will surely become infected, sooner or later, with the germ. Mosquitoes which then attack him will be liable, as he was, to take the malaria germ the man is harbouring into their own small bodies.

So the circle of infection is completed, and becomes ever widening. If no man ever acquired malaria, becoming a host for the malarial germ, the circle of mosquito to man and man to mosquito would be broken, and the germ would become one of the unemployed.

Discouraging the Mosquito

For these reasons, as Sir Malcolm Watson insisted, it was in the highest degree important for settlers in tropic lands to choose healthy sites for their houses. After that they should further protect the windows of their houses by wire netting, and make sure that there were no stagnant pools of water round about them where mosquitoes could flourish and breed.

This was the costless, or almost costless, way that Nature proceeded. Discourage the mosquito that flies by night and malaria is scotched.

The proof of the value of preventing malaria by starving out the mosquito is seen on estates in India and Malaya where native labour is employed. The anti-mosquito, or anti-malarial, work costs time, care, and money, but it raises the labourer's vitality and his standard of health, and after that his wages. Among both men and women their earning capacity is raised by more than a quarter where measures to defeat the mosquito are taken.

At first the cost of these measures seemed high, but it has fallen a great deal since Ronald Ross first pointed out its necessity. It is cheapening every year; but much remains to be done, for malaria is still the greatest hindrance to the development of these tropic lands of which Great Britain is the estate agent.

A SERENE LIFE FOR ALL

New Zealand Government Wins Again

With 15 per cent more of its people going to the poll, New Zealand has returned to power the Labour Government which has been ruling for the last three years.

The Government only lost one seat, but this was compensated for by a general increase in their poll. It is a great triumph for Mr Michael Savage, the Prime Minister, who in the hour of victory declared that they were going straight ahead until the great majority of the people were insured from the cradle to the grave against poverty and want in a land teeming with plenty.

A fair deal for all, he said, was the slogan of the Labour Government, which aims at making life generally much brighter, more purposeful, and more serene.

A Lancashire textile chemist has discovered a process for preparing cotton for use in the manufacture of motor tyres which, it is claimed, will lengthen the life of tyres and also make them puncture-proof.

The Pride of Norwich



The King and Queen are to visit Norwich on Saturday, when His Majesty will open the imposing new City Hall, seen here

Our New Defenders

A CORPS IN CANVAS OVERALLS

A NEW Defence Corps has been established in which both officers and men will parade in blue canvas overalls and only be distinguished from their fellows by badges and small insignia of rank.

Yet we will wager that membership of this body will give a prestige to those who volunteer for it which will count far more than the most imposing of uniforms.

The corps, to be known as Light Anti-Aircraft Units of the Royal Artillery, will be recruited from the staffs of such vital establishments as power-stations, oil-tanks, chemical industries, and all factories essential for the national needs. While the Territorials will still conduct the ordinary anti-aircraft defence of their district, these units will stand by to meet the menace of any low-flying aircraft which get through the barrage

to attack the factories or other buildings in which they work.

The members will be between the ages of 38 and 50 and will be required to attend 30 drills a year and eight days in camp, where they will be paid like any other Territorials.

Should an emergency arise they will be mobilised at the same time as the Territorials, but will continue their civilian work unless there should be imminent danger of their establishment being attacked, when they will drop tools and man the guns in their grounds or on their roofs.

The plan is an excellent one, and there will be an added incentive to join because in warding off attack on their place of work the men will be defending their own homes which are usually in the immediate neighbourhood.

Honour Among Thieves

THERE is genuine humour, and more than that, in the story of an ex-burglar who, found loitering as though intent on picking pockets, appealed against a sentence for that loitering.

It goes to show that even a burglar has a code of honour and his conception of justice. It shows that there is good in everyone if we care to look for it.

Here is the dialogue of the late-burglar and judge, as recorded at Liverpool:

Ex-burglar (after admitting a previous conviction for housebreaking): I would never stoop so low as to pick pockets.

The Judge: What do pickpockets think of housebreakers?

Ex-burglar: I can tell you what housebreakers think of pickpockets.

The Judge: You seem to place housebreakers above pickpockets?

Ex-burglar: I think it is a more honourable profession.

The Judge: You mean housebreaking?

Ex-burglar: If you pick a man's pockets you may be taking the bread from out of his children's mouths. If you break into a big house and steal diamonds you are not taking bread out of the children's mouths.

The Judge: But if you break into a small house and take every penny a man possesses?

Ex-burglar: I would never do that.

The judge thereupon allowed the appeal. We hope the ex-burglar, who is unemployed, will carry his code of honour a little further and redeem himself.

FLYING MAN ABOVE THE MOUNTAIN

A Wonderful Device For Him

If all is true that is claimed for it by American Airlines, who have tested and proved its efficiency, an invention has been placed at the disposal of airmen that should relieve them of one of the greatest and most deadly terrors of flying.

Until now the altimeter, the instrument registering the height at which the plane is flying, has shown only the height above sea-level, and the weakness of this is that a pilot flying in bad weather may suddenly strike a mountain-side, lulled to false security by reading that he is thousands of feet above the sea.

The new device seems to embody a variation of the scheme the Navy had for detecting the presence of lurking submarines. An electric current, sent out from a ship, returned to a recording vessel to register the distance to which it had penetrated. If this was to the bottom of the sea the expert was able to read the evidence; if its course was arrested and the current deflected back to the recorder by a hidden submarine the evidence was equally legible to the observer.

The Tell-Tale Altimeter

In the latest altimeter the shortest of short wireless wave-lengths are sent out, and these, reflected from the earth, return to the plane and show on a dial how far they have travelled. A pilot keeping his eye on the dial is able to see that, although he may be ten thousand feet up, a hidden mountain may be but a few hundred feet beneath him.

This is a magnificent gift to aerial navigation. Again and again we have had aeroplanes crashing with terrible results into mountains hidden by mists and storms. American flyers this summer, crossing Siberia, had a most wonderful escape. Their chart showed a range of mountains rising to about 6000 feet, but to their horror they found that the actual height was some fifty per cent greater, and it was only because of the sudden breaking of the mist in which they were flying that they were able to escape at the last moment.

Perhaps our great airship, the R 101, which crashed at night into a French hillside in a mist, might have managed to clear the obstruction had she been equipped with one of these instruments. Undoubtedly she was losing height through the piercing of some of her gas-bags; but she could have cleared the hill that wrecked her had her pilot known what lay before him in the misty air.

Better News From the Roads

Though far higher than it should be, the number of deaths in road accidents last month was lower than in September 1937, the total being 554 as against 583.

As the last days of that month saw a greater use of the roads by speeding lorries, trade vans, and other vehicles working at high pressure owing to the world crisis, this drop in the death-rate, together with a similar decline in the number of injured, is remarkable. Can it mean that drivers were more in earnest and therefore concentrated more on watching the road? If so, it is a drastic comment on methods of driving in normal times.

The figures for the first nine months of this year number 4658 against 4821 last year, so that in spite of the increase of vehicles on the roads there is decided improvement in the casualty list. The number is still appalling and a disgrace to the nation; but we must note even slight improvements and be thankful.

MISS TUCKETT'S NEPHEW

By
T. C. Bridges

Sam Pays a Call

CHAPTER 1

Friends and Neighbours

SAID Sam: "Aunt Selina, haven't you got no friends?"

Miss Selina Tuckett, sitting at the other end of the breakfast table, was so startled at this abrupt question that she dropped her knife with a clatter.

"What do you mean, Sam?" she asked.

"There ain't nobody comes to see you except the school-mistress," Sam stated. "You're worse off than we was up at Cascade Creek, and up there folk are pretty scarce."

Miss Tuckett gazed at Sam. She was not so thin as she had been on that cold night when her two surprising Canadian nephews had arrived out of the blue: she was better dressed; the worried look had left her face. The discovery by the boys of the big spring on her farm had made all the difference, for the county council had paid her no less than £2000 for the right to pipe the water to a pumping station built outside her land.

The boys ran the garden; Miss Tuckett managed the poultry; Walnut Tree Farm was prosperous and looked like paying well.

"You are right, Sam," Miss Tuckett said at last. "I have very few friends. I have been too busy to go to see my neighbours and too poor to entertain them." She shook her head. "Now I fear it's too late."

"Ain't never too late to make friends," Sam said briefly. "Ask some of the folk to supper."

"But I don't know them, Sam," his aunt answered.

"That don't matter. I never seed anyone as would refuse a nice meal in a nice house, run by a nice lady."

Miss Tuckett flushed at the compliment. Then she tried to explain.

"Things are different in England from what they are in Canada, Sam. In England you must call on your neighbours. You go to see them and leave cards."

"I don't get this card business," said Sam, frowning. "Where do they come in?"

"If the people you call on are not at home you leave cards to show you have called. In any case, when you make a first call you always leave cards."

Sam let the subject drop, but later tackled his brother. "Ever see one of these here visiting cards, Dan?"

"Not that I know of," Dan answered.

"Do you reckon old Colston knows what they're like?"

"He might," agreed Dan cautiously.

"Let's mooch up there this evening," Sam suggested.

Colston, the quarry watchman who had helped the boys to find the spring, was pleased to see them and asked them in. They chatted a while, then Sam asked his question.

"Visiting card," repeated Colston. "Yes, surely I've seed one. Nothing but a bit of pasteboard with your name and address on it."

Sam began to talk of the neighbours. "Some mighty nice people round here?" he suggested.

"Surely," replied Colston. "Mr Stubbs as keeps the Black Crow, he's a proper gentleman, and Ezra Herd, the butcher, I likes him too."

Sam looked blank. Colston's idea of a proper gentleman was all right in its way, but not what he was wanting.

"Who lives in the big house on the road to Bryanstone?" he asked.

"Cottrell Court, you mean? That belongs to Mrs Digby Dobbs. She's rich, she is. They do say she got three motor-cars and a great glasshouse where they grows grapes and pineapples. I reckon she's richer than the Countess herself."

"What's a countess?" inquired Sam with interest.

"Wife of an earl. Her husband's the Earl of Lamburn. She's the great lady of these parts. Lives at Cope Hall."

Sam said it was near supper-time and the boys left.

"Nothing to it," he said to Dan as they walked home. "I'll fix up some of these here cards and we'll call on Mrs Digby Dobbs. Sounds like she'd make a good friend for Aunt. Likely the Countess would be too high toned."

With his Aunt's scissors Sam cut some squares of cardboard, on which he printed very carefully in ink:

SAM AND DAN TUCKETT

Nephews of Miss Tuckett of Walnut Tree Farm

Next day was Saturday, and after the midday meal the boys went up to their room, changed into their Sunday suits, and slipped out quietly the back way. The result of their call was to be a surprise to Miss Tuckett.

The boys entered Cottrell Court through a pair of huge iron gates leading into a long drive. Halfway up the drive a voice hailed them. "Hi! you fellows, what do you want?"

The owner of the voice was a lanky youth of about 18, dressed in baggy flannel trousers, a sports jacket, and suede shoes. A cigarette was between his lips and a sour-looking Alsatian at his heels.

Sam pulled up. "Any business of yours?" he asked.

"This is my property," said the other loftily.

"I thought it belonged to Mrs Digby Dobbs."

"I am Alfred Digby Dobbs," said the youth. "We don't want any boy scouts or cadgers on the place."

Sam looked the tall youth up and down. "We ain't boy scouts and we ain't cadgers," he said flatly.

"Then what's your business?" demanded the other.

"If you want to know, we're going to call on your ma," was Sam's answer.

The cigarette dropped from Alfred's lips. For a moment he seemed paralysed, then he recovered and grinned broadly.

"Go ahead. She'll be glad to see you," he said, and then dived into the trees, where, by the sounds, he seemed to be having a fit.

"Loony," was Sam's brief comment as he and Dan walked on.

The house was huge and square, the flower-beds blazed, the lawns were perfectly cut. Sam marched up and pressed the bell. The door was opened by a stout butler. "What are you doing at the front door?" he inquired with a frown.

"We ain't seed any other door," Sam told him. "And we come to see Mrs Digby Dobbs."

"The mistress is lying down in her boudoir. She wouldn't see you in no case, so you'd better go away."

"I'd think it was for her to say whether she'd see us and not you," Sam answered, with spirit; "but if she's sick I reckon we'll have to call another day. You give her these cards, mister."

He handed the cards to the butler, who looked at them with a frown. "These cards are for the Countess," he said. "The mistress is in bed."

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The butler's face as he took the pasteboards would have been worth a close-up in any picture. Before he could recover Sam and Dan had swung round and were striding down the drive.

CHAPTER 2

The Fight

As they neared the park wall there came a growl, a yelp, and the shriek of a small dog in pain. Then a shout. "Pull that brute off!"

Sam broke into a hard run, and he and Dan burst through the trees to see the big Alsatian worrying a pretty little Cairn terrier. A small rough-haired boy of about ten was trying pluckily but vainly to rescue his pet. Alfred Digby Dobbs stood by, not lifting a finger to help.

Sam got there first. A boy who has handled savage huskies has no fear of an Alsatian. In an instant Sam had it by the scruff of the neck with one hand, while the fingers of the other hand clamped over its nose, cutting off its breath.

It dropped the terrier—it had to or suffocate—and the little boy snatched up his dog. The Alsatian turned on Sam, but Sam fell on it, clamped it with his knees, and forced its head down against the ground. Alfred thought it time to interfere.

"Let that dog go," he ordered angrily.

Sam never even looked at him. He meant to give the Alsatian a lesson it would not forget.

Alfred strode up, but before he could reach Sam the silent Dan took a hand in the game. Running at Alfred head down, he butted him in the stomach. Dan was hard as nails and strong as a bull calf. Alfred staggered back and sat down. He sat just over the edge of the bank of the pond, with the result that he did a back somersault and landed with a resounding splash in four feet of water. Dan gave one sharp bark of laughter, then turned quickly to the little lad.

"Gimme the dog," he said. "I can tell if he's bad hurt."

The Alsatian meantime had given Sam best; but Sam had not finished with the Alsatian. With a great effort of strength, for the dog weighed 40 pounds or more, he picked the animal up and slung it into the pond. Alfred had just found his feet and got his head up when the dog hit him in the chest, and down he went again with the Alsatian on top. The Alsatian was the first to recover. It had had plenty, and, swimming hard to a place where the bank was low,

he scrambled out and went off as hard as its legs would carry it.

Sam stood on the edge and waited for Alfred to come up a second time. Then he caught hold of him and hauled him up the bank. Alfred was a sorry sight. Such parts of him as were not covered with black mud were mostly concealed by green weed. He was furiously angry.

"You'll go to prison for this," were the first words he sputtered out.

Sam nodded. "Come right along, mister. We'll find a policeman. You come along too, Dan. And the kid and the dog, if it ain't too bad hurt."

"I'll come," said the small boy with unexpected spirit. "And I'll tell the policeman how that man set his dog on Tarry."

"I'm going home first," Alfred said. "I'm all wet and I'm going to change."

"No you ain't," said Sam grimly. "Take his other arm, Dan."

The brothers caught him and began to lead him to the gate.

Alfred's anger changed to fright. With a sudden jerk he tore himself loose and went off across the field in the same direction as his dog, and almost as fast. The boys stood and watched him.

"I guess that's the last we'll see of him," said Sam. He turned to the small boy. "Come on, kid. There's a vet in the village and you better let him look over the pup."

The three walked back to Nether Slapton, and were lucky enough to find old Mr Chard, the veterinary surgeon, at home. He examined the terrier and washed and dressed its wounds. He told its small owner that it would be all right in a week, and the boy almost wept with joy. Sam wanted to pay the bill but the little lad pulled out a ros note.

"You've jolly well done enough already," he declared. "I say, do you live here?"

"At Walnut Tree Farm," Sam told him. "We're nephews to Miss Tuckett. See here, we got a pony trap. Like us to drive you home?"

"That's very decent of you but you needn't bother. I'm staying at the Rectory. Mr Slade is coaching me."

"Coaching you?" repeated Sam.

"Cramming me up for my school entrance exam. I'm going to Blundell's next term."

"I get you," said Sam briefly. "So long, kid. Let's hear how the pup goes."

"Of course I will," the boy promised, and went off, carrying Tarry.

"A right nice kid," said Dan, as he and Sam walked off in the other direction.

"More'n you could say for the long lad," Dan put in.

Sam grinned. "I don't reckon his ma will return our call. We've surely messed things up this time, Dan."

That was Saturday. Sunday passed peaceably as usual, and on Monday the boys were hard at it in the garden. There had been a nice rain overnight and a lot of young stuff had to be planted.

At four that afternoon a big car drew up at the gate.

"Gosh!" said Sam, looking up. "Mrs Dobbs has come after all."

"But not to call," Dan answered. "Most like she's on the warpath."

Sam stuck his spade in the ground. "We better go and back up Aunt," he remarked.

They hurried into the back kitchen, washed their hands, and were putting on their coats when their aunt came through from the front.

"Lady Lamburn has called," she told them in an awed voice. "She wants to see you."

"What for?" asked Sam suspiciously.

"She'll tell you. Come along."

As the brothers entered the parlour a charming woman rose to meet them.

"So you are the boys who rescued Jacky and Tarry," she said as she shook hands. "He told me about it yesterday and I came at once to thank you."

"Jacky," repeated Sam. "He didn't say what his name was. Are you his mother, ma'am?"

"Not ma'am—my lady," Aunt Selina prompted gently.

"I am his mother," said Lady Lamburn with a smile. "His proud mother. I think a lot of Jacky."

"You're right, ma'am—my lady," replied Sam. "He's a fine lad."

"And you put Alfred in the pond," said Lady Lamburn, twinkling.

"Who was it you put in the pond?" demanded Miss Tuckett. Then the whole story came out. And how Lady Lamburn laughed!

She stayed to tea, and before she left the four were firm friends, and Lady Lamburn had asked them all to tea at Cope Hall.

JACKO CHOOSES A BOOK

THE people of Monkeyville were very proud of their new Public Library, including Chimp and Jacko, who, you may be sure, were very much in evidence at the opening ceremony.

As soon as the Mayor had declared the new building open they went inside and began wandering round.

They went from room to room and



Down came Jacko, with the books on top of him

turned over the leaves of every book that took their fancy. They had been walking about for some time when Jacko suggested that they should join.

So they asked for forms and rushed home to get them signed; and presently they went back to the library.

"Now," breathed Jacko, "to choose a book."

But that was easier said than done. Every time he had decided on a book he saw one he liked better.

The attendant had his eye on him.

"Hurry up, my lad," he urged.

But poor Jacko could not make up his mind, till suddenly he caught sight of Robinson Crusoe.

It was on the top shelf, so he borrowed a ladder, put it against the shelves, and climbed up.

The book was wedged in between others, and try as he would he couldn't

pull it out. At last, bracing himself, he gave a hard tug.

The book came out all right, but unfortunately the rest came with it! They fell on Jacko, who collapsed in a heap, with the ladder and the books on top of him!

The attendant grabbed Jacko and pushed him out.

"If I ever catch you in here again," he began. But he was talking to empty air, for Jacko was bolting up the road as fast as he could go.

He scrambled out and went off as hard as its legs would carry it.

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YOU could make a complete railway

in wood with a few fretwork tools, designs, materials, and instructions for stations, trains, etc. Only one of the many interesting things you can make for pleasure or profit in your spare time if you have one of

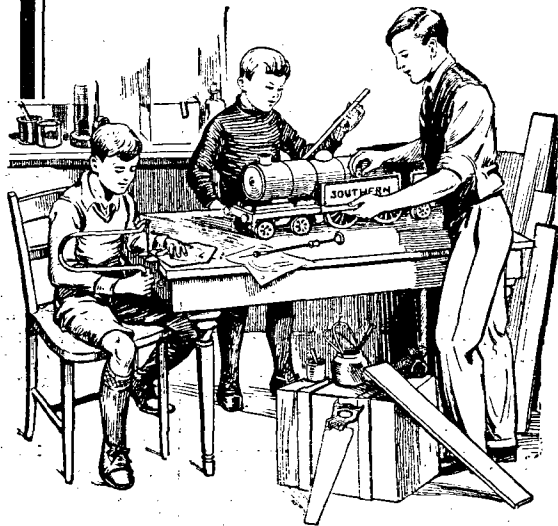
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A New and Original Card Game

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PROGRESS

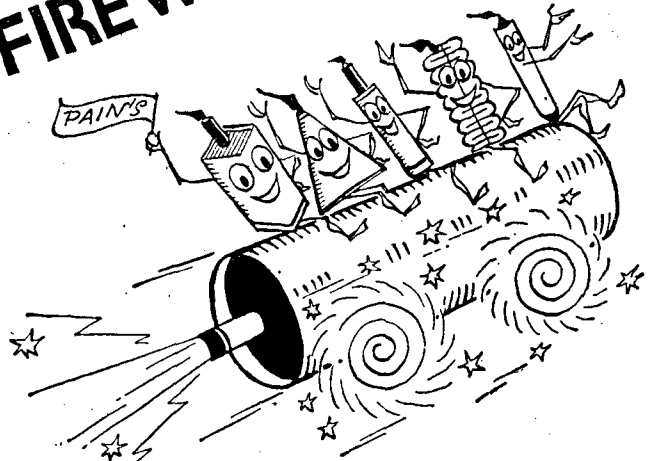
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To Newsagent
Please deliver THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER every Thursday until further notice to the following address:

Date

Signature

If no newsagent is available the CN can be delivered at any address in the world for 11s a year. Please send a cheque or postal order to The Amalgamated Press, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

October 29, 1938

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

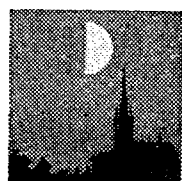
THE BRAN TUB

The Crocodile

THE crocodile lives on in swamps And tropic heat for years and years. I wonder if there's anyone Who's really seen him shedding tears.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Venus and Jupiter are in the south-west, and Saturn and Uranus are in the south-east. In the morning Mars is in the east. The picture shows the moon as it may be seen at half-past six on Monday evening, October 31.

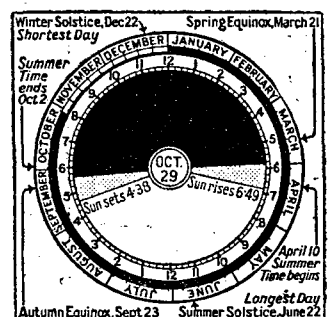


The Answer

WHICH has the busier life, tea or coffee? Tea, because it is compelled to draw, while coffee is allowed to settle down.

The C N Calendar

THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on October 29. The black section of the circle under the months



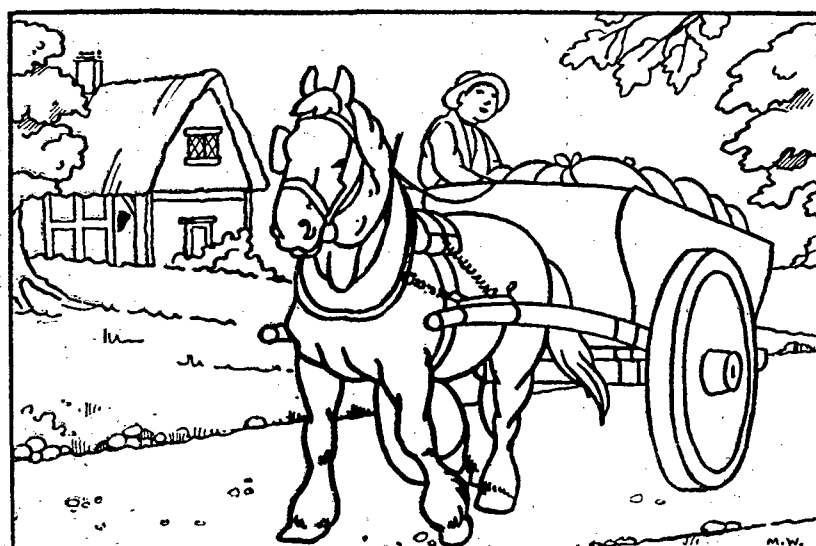
shows at a glance how much of the year has already gone. The days are now getting shorter.

CN PAINTING COMPETITION

Numerous Money Prizes For Clever Young Artists

THIS week the C N announces a Painting Competition for boys and girls of fifteen or under, and two prizes of ten shillings and 25 of half-a-crown are offered for the best entries.

Here is the picture to be painted, or, if you prefer, you may use crayons. All attempts must be sent on postcards. Add your name, address, and age and post your attempt to C N Competition



PASTE ON A POSTCARD AND ALLOW THE PASTE TO DRY BEFORE COLOURING

No. 65, 1 Tallis House, London, E C 4 (Comp), to arrive not later than first post on Thursday, November 3.

Age will be taken into account. There is no entry fee, and the Editor's decision must be accepted as final.

If you are a prizewinner and your entry bears the name and address of a friend who is not already a reader and who promises to take the C N for a month, 2s 6d will be awarded in addition to the prize.

What Happened on Your Birthday

- Oct. 30. Allan Cunningham, Scottish poet, died . . . 1842
31. John Evelyn born . . . 1620
Nov. 1. John Radcliffe, the Library founder, died . . . 1714
2. Marie Antoinette born . . . 1755
3. Edward V born . . . 1470
4. George Peabody died . . . 1869
5. William of Orange landed at Torbay . . . 1688

the extra white parts added to the general colouring of a mottling of grey, brown, and yellow.

Ici on Parle Français



Le singe Une échelle Un arbre
monkey ladder tree

Mon singe apprivoisé a grimpé à l'arbre. Il me faudra chercher une échelle pour le faire descendre.

My pet monkey has run up the tree. I shall have to fetch a ladder to get him down.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Arithmetical Problem. He worked on 28 evenings out of the 40, and was idle on 12 evenings.

Is This Your County? Norfolk.

How Many Animals Can You Find?

In addition to the bears there are eight other animals—squirrel, rabbit, fox, penguin, sea-lion, robin, owl, hedgehog.

What Is It? Lobster, CUB, Stag—Locust. Beheaded Word. Pearl, pear, ear.

The C N Cross Word Puzzle

G	A	L	E	A	I	T	E	R	S	E
A	L	E	A	S	S	E	T	E	A	R
B	L	A	N	C	H	N	O	V	I	C
L	D	A	M	P	W	O	N	C		
E	D	P	E	A	S	A	N	T	A	T
R	Y	E	C	A	R	E	G	G		
R	U	E	A	T	L	A	S	L	E	D
A	M	A	S	S	M	H	O	U	S	E
T	R	A	S	H	T	Y	R	E	W	

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

MAISIE walked carefully down the road carrying a paper bag. It was Granny's birthday, and she was taking rock cakes that she had made all by herself.

When she came to the stile that led into the meadows she lifted the bag out of the way while she climbed over.

Then she stood still watching a herd of cows grazing in the next meadow. She was very glad they were not in her meadow.

Her meadow was dotted over with pink-tipped daisies. Maisie laid her packet carefully on the grass while she picked a bunch for Granny.

Granny was delighted with her cakes and flowers. "You must stay to tea, darling," she declared.

She found a little pot for Maisie to stand the daisies in while she laid the table.

It was a lovely tea. "Your rock cakes are as light as a feather," Granny praised.

After tea Granny washed up and Maisie had a big white apron tied over her frock while she dried the pretty things and put them away.

Granny said it was lovely to have so much help, and took Maisie into the next cottage to see the new baby. At last it was time to go.

"It's been one of the happiest birthdays I have ever had," Granny smiled, when the little girl kissed her Good-bye, and she waved Maisie off from the garden gate.

Maisie skipped happily back to the meadow. But, oh! Someone had turned all the cows into it.

There were such a lot! Brown cows, black and white cows, dark red cows, and some a queer pale yellow. Maisie did not know what to do.

She would have to be brave and run right through the middle of them!

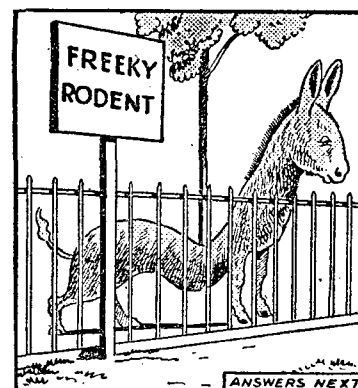
She put one foot timidly on the step of the stile, and

CAKES AND COWS

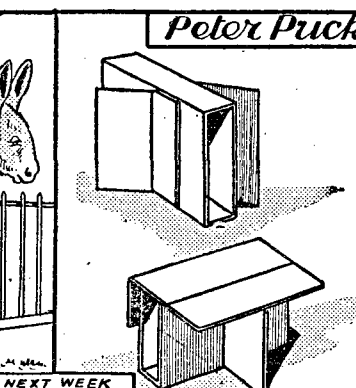
then, "Just look at those cows!" said a voice close behind her. "Someone must have left the gate open. You sit there a bit and I'll soon shoo them back."

It was Farmer Kimmins. He leapt over the stile, waved his stick, and shouted: "Coop, coop, come on! Coop, coop!" as he drove the cows away.

"It's all right now, little lady," he called as he fastened the gate securely. And Maisie called back, "Thank you ever so much," and ran home to tell Mummy of the perfectly lovely time she had spent at Granny's.



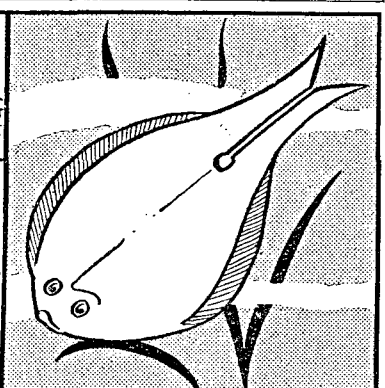
This creature is a combination of two animals. Each line of letters on the board contains the first three letters of one animal and the last three of the other.



To make a gate-leg table for a doll's house cut out a 3-inch square of cardboard and fold into three. Glue this on top of a match-box, as shown, and glue cardboard flaps on the sides.



Write down the names of the six objects shown. Now take one letter from each name to spell a flower, without rearranging. Then start again and form another flower-name in the same way. No letter may be used more than once.



Copy this fish on a piece of note-paper and cut it out. Float fish in a bath, let a tiny drop of oil fall on the central hole, and the fish will swim along for some time.

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THE HOSPITAL IS ENTIRELY DEPENDENT UPON VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS FOR ITS MAINTENANCE. FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED.

President: H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

Subscriptions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the Secretary:

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Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W.1.

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You get burning pain and distressing wind after meals because your stomach is always too acid. Food can't digest and your stomach is tortured in the attempt. Why endure this mealtime misery? 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will stop it this very day. They relieve acidity and sweeten a sour stomach at once. The stomach starts digesting your food right away and finishes its work with perfect ease. You feel nothing—no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old stomach pain. If you suffer from acute gastric attacks, 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will stop them in five minutes. Try them today! Neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. Of all chemists.

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